

HOW PENNANTS ARE REALLY WON

By **JOE McCARTHY**

SEPT. 30,
1933

Liberty 5¢



THE WAY
TO PROSPERITY
By
EDWARD A. FILENE

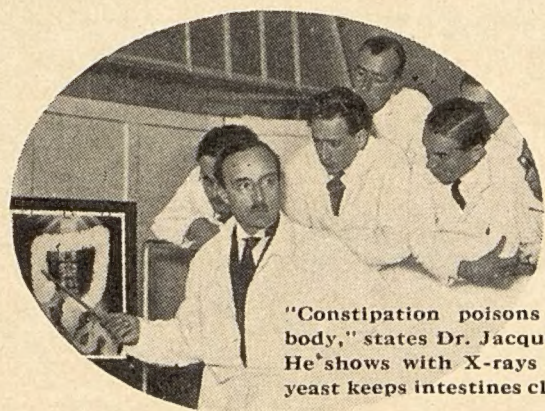


Coy Hill

We asked this Doctor—"What causes that constant tired feeling?"

DR. JACQUELIN

Dr. Charles Jacquelin is Chef de Service de Gastro-Enterologie à l'Hôpital de Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, Paris, and the author of "Radiology of the Stomach and Duodenum."



"Constipation poisons the body," states Dr. Jacquelin. He shows with X-rays how yeast keeps intestines clean.

"If wastes are held too long in the system, poisons form—filter into the blood . . . From morning to night you feel *tired*."

That is the prominent French gastro-enterologist, Dr. Jacquelin, speaking . . . explaining the depressing effect of constipation on health!

"I have found," states Dr. Jacquelin, "that an ideal remedy in such cases is

. . . fresh yeast. Yeast softens the intestinal wastes, stimulates exhausted bowel muscles. Movements become regular. Intestines are freed of poisons. *Energy returns.*"

If you're weak or run-down—try this: Every day, for at least 60 days, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

Eat it plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and when you go to bed.

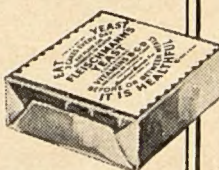
Soon, if you eat the yeast regularly, you should notice improved elimination. You should have a better appetite . . . better digestion. And if you keep it up you should begin to feel and *look* more vigorous in every way!

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Won't you add it to your diet—today?

"My doctor prescribed Yeast* for me!"

"I was trying to get over a nervous breakdown," writes Miss Dorothy Ann Pennington of Washington, D. C., "but wasn't making any headway. I had regular attacks of indigestion and headaches. My doctor prescribed Yeast . . . Soon my health started to pick up . . . My headaches disappeared. My food really did me good instead of turning to poison in my system."

*** IMPORTANT!** Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. YO-18 Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.



BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

LABOR'S CALAMITOUS BLUNDER

HISTORY may some day record the huge cost that labor has paid for the rigid wage scale that it tried to maintain during the depression.

Go into any large organization—there are practically no exceptions—and you will find that at the beginning of our financial troubles, when the edict went forth from the White House that the high wage scale must be maintained, extraordinary efforts were made to reduce the number of employees by combining departments, jobs, etc. Short cuts in accounting and in business procedure generally were ferreted out and employees dropped literally by the millions. It is no exaggeration to say that the average business organization reduced its help by at least twenty-five per cent.

It has been estimated that there are forty million workers in this country. Twenty-five per cent of forty million equals ten million unemployed, and bankruptcies will account for two or three million more.

Now, if there had been no extraordinary efforts to maintain a rigid wage scale, instead of business experts making extraordinary efforts to lessen the number of employees there would have been a gradual reduction in the wage scale, and the unemployment difficulties would not have been so severe, and automatically the price of the products of labor would have decreased and the demand increased.

A rigid wage scale is a dangerous procedure. It is just as foolish to try to maintain certain wages as it is to hold a certain price on staple merchandise. Prices must be elastic and should change in accordance with the law of supply and demand.

There is a partnership between capital and labor that is rarely recognized. Neither can make worthwhile profit without the other. And you can say what you want about capital, but labor is king. There can be no capital without labor; for capital, after all, is nothing more than the accumulated products of labor. And although capital cannot exist without labor, labor can live without capital.

In this page recently we presented a procedure

that would protect workers in an effective manner, and would make the price of labor sufficiently elastic to save a business from bankruptcy when a rigid wage scale could not be maintained. We stated that the workers in an organization should have a certain percentage of the gross profits. There might be a minimum and perhaps a maximum amount that could be agreed upon. But thousands upon thousands, perhaps into the hundreds of thousands of huge business organizations had to go into bankruptcy in the recent depression because the wage scale could not be changed.

These workers were the principal sufferers because of this blunder, for to be out of a job during the depression meant months and in some cases years of idleness.

But workers everywhere should realize that wages can come from but one source, and that is the earnings of the organization for which they labor. Though there might be some difficulty in coming to an agreement as to what proportion of these earnings should go to the workers, the problem is not by any means insurmountable. When the earnings drop below a certain amount a minimum wage scale could be followed, for in some instances there are losses instead of gains in a business enterprise.

The problem in times like this depression is not whether or not we shall have a certain scale of wages, for wages of any kind are better than the dole. We are hoping that the workers, aided by General Johnson's code of ethics, will in the future avoid the calamitous situation we have recently faced by creating a scale which will be in the nature of a definite amount of the gross profits of the business in which their labor is employed.

This would protect every worker and at the same time afford a protection for the business.

A procedure of this kind is just as valuable for capital as it is for labor. It would be a dependable partnership which would work for the benefit of everybody concerned.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



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How PENNANTS Are Really Won

(Reading time: 14 min. 15 sec.)

TO the average spectator, good baseball is when you get away with it and bad baseball is when you don't—and the most prolific razzberry patch in the world is a big-league baseball park.

On April 29 this year we were playing Washington at the Yankee Stadium with 40,000 people in the stands. In a series in Washington the previous week players of the two teams had engaged in a fist fight that embittered the rivalry already existing, and New York had come out in a body to see us peel the hide off the Senators.

We came into the last half of the ninth inning trailing 6 to 2. Babe Ruth blasted a base hit into right field, and I put Sam Byrd on first base to run for the Babe. Then Lou Gehrig beat out a hit to the infield. Walker followed with another base hit and Byrd scored. This put Gehrig on second and Walker on first. We needed three more runs to tie, and it looked as though we had them when Tony Lazzeri followed with a long shot over Goslin's head in right center.

There was a chance that Goslin might catch the ball. In this situation it was good baseball for Gehrig to stick to second base to prevent the possibility of being doubled up, as he could advance to third after the catch and could score anyway if the ball got away from Goslin. Goslin couldn't quite get under it and the ball sailed over his head. Gehrig then started for the plate.



*Breaks can make
champs or chumps,
avers McCarthy.*

On hard ground that ball would have kept on rolling and Lazzeri would have scored after Gehrig and Walker, tying the score. But the field was soggy. The ball hit a soft spot and took a freak bounce straight up into Goslin's hands. He turned quickly and threw it in to Joe Cronin, and Cronin made a perfect relay to Luke Sewell at the plate. Sewell tagged out Gehrig sliding in, then also tagged out Walker who was pounding along about two strides behind Gehrig. Our winning rally was busted.

It wouldn't happen again in a hundred years—two runners put out at the plate on a single throw.

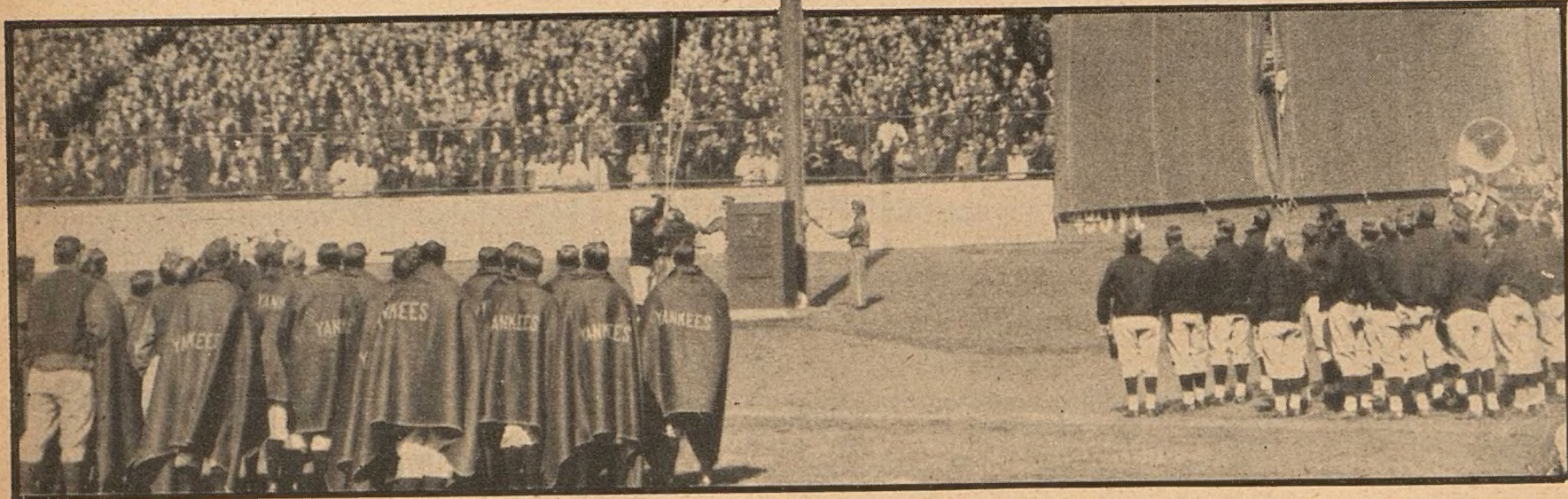
The razzberries that flew out of the stands on that play! Back of the Yankee dugout a man stood up and shouted:

"Hell! This isn't baseball—it's a nervous breakdown."

I have no quarrel with that fan; the customer is always right. But if baseball could be reduced to an exact science you wouldn't give a nickel to see it. It's the uncertainties of the game that drag you in at the gate—and frequently give the manager a headache.

I have no hesitation in saying that the dominant feature of

U. & U. News photo
*Up goes the flag on
opening day at
Yankee Stadium.*





CRONIN
SENATORS



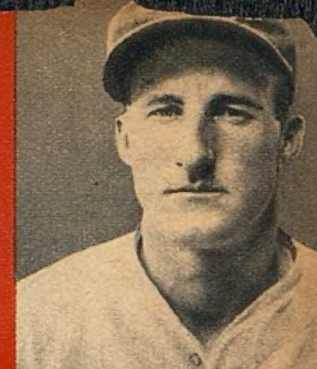
TERRY
GIANTS



GEHRIG
YANKEES



RUTH
YANKEES



GOSLIN
SENATORS

baseball is the breaks of the game. Because of them you can play good baseball and lose, and you can play bad baseball and win. The best a manager can do is to play the percentage.

There is no secret about the principles of good baseball. Every player has to know them to stay in the big leagues. That's why it is often good baseball to play bad baseball. It "crosses up" the opposition.

Here's an example. It happened in the Yankee Stadium in the final game of the 1926 World's Series.

The Yankees and Cardinals had each won three games. The Cardinals were leading 3 to 2 in the seventh when Jess Haines lost control and filled the bases with Yankee runners, with two out and Tony Lazzeri at bat.

Alexander was brought in from the bull pen to pitch to Lazzeri, a dangerous hitter. The first two balls Alex

The breaks can make a champ or a chump out of you. Here's a well remembered game in which I was both. I was manager of the Cubs at the time.

In the World's Series of 1929 the Athletics had won the first two games and the Cubs had won the third. The fourth was played on Saturday, October 12, at Shibe Park. For six innings Charlie Root gave the Athletics only three widely scattered hits. We had them beaten 8 to 0 going into the last half of the seventh.

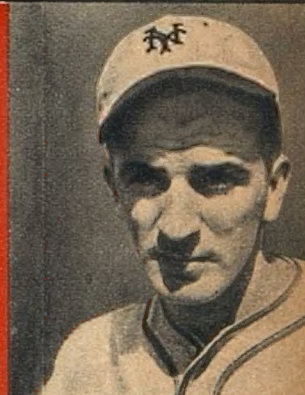
The way Root had been going it didn't look as though they would be able to score against him in a week. By winning this game we would even the series, and with Pat Malone to pitch the next game we'd have a good chance to win the world's championship.

AL SIMMONS, first at bat in the last half of the seventh, slammed a home run on to the roof of the left-field pavilion, Jimmy Foxx followed with a base hit to right. Bing Miller hit a pop fly that fell safe in center-field when Hack Wilson lost it in the sun. Jimmy Dykes socked another one into left field. Boley slammed a safe hit to centerfield. George Burns came in as a pinch hitter and popped an easy fly to English, Cub short-stop. We had one man out, anyway—but we never got another one out until Burns came to bat for the second time in that inning.

When Bishop followed with a single to centerfield I took Root out and sent in Art Nehf. "Mule" Haas, a left-handed hitter, was up, and it was good baseball to send in a left-handed pitcher—but this wasn't our day to get the breaks. Haas, weak against left-handed pitching, hit a long fly to centerfield. It looked like an easy catch for Hack Wilson, but Hack lost the ball in the sun and it fell safe and rolled to the bleacher wall for a home run, scoring three more runs.

Had Wilson not lost that ball in the sun we would still have had a four-run lead with two out. But that made seven runs with only one out, and we were now only one run ahead. Another hit followed; then Simmons, up for the second time in the inning, hit a perfect double-play ball right at Norman McMillan, playing third for the Cubs. Just when McMillan appeared to be set to close out the inning the ball took a freak bound and shot over his shoulder into left field for a safe hit.

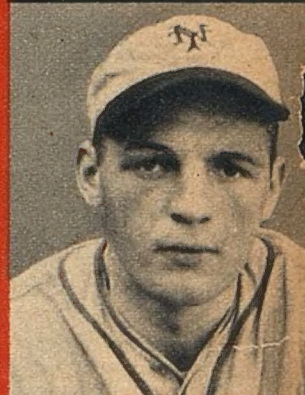
I have never lived through an-



HUBBELL
GIANTS



BERGER
BRAVES



SCHUMACHER
GIANTS



FRISCH
CARDINALS



WANER

When Luck Steps In, Bang Goes Everything, Says a Famous Baseball Pilot Who Ought to Know

By

JOE MCCARTHY

Manager of the New York Yankees,
1932 World Champions

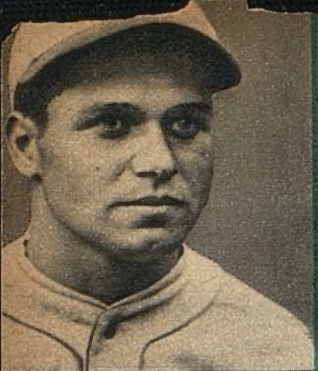
pitched were strikes, one of them a line foul that missed being fair by inches. Then, to the surprise of everybody in the ball park, including Lazzeri, Alex shot a fast ball right through the heart of the plate for a called third strike. He fanned Lazzeri on three pitched balls and saved the World's Series for his ball club.

That feat was hailed by everybody as a remarkable pitching performance. So it was—but it was against all the recognized principles of good baseball. That's why it was successful; it "crossed up" Lazzeri. But if Tony had socked that third pitch for a safe hit that scored the winning runs Alexander would have been called a sucker.

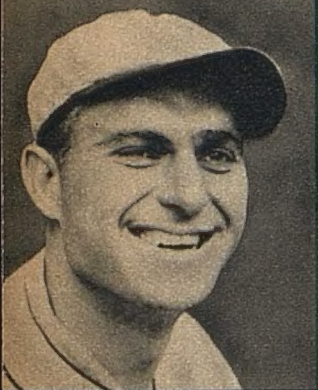
A similar case that worked with reverse English:

THE Phillies were up tussling with Brooklyn for the pennant in the fall of 1916. They were playing an important game with Pittsburgh. Erskine Mayer was pitching for the Phillies. Neither side had scored in the last half of the ninth inning, when, with a Pittsburgh runner on second and two out and the pitcher at bat, Mayer put two straight strikes over the plate. The pitcher, Kandlehner, was a notably weak hitter. With two and nothing on him Mayer then did precisely as Alexander did: he shot a fast ball right for the heart of the plate. But the weak-hitting pitcher was taking no chances with two strikes on him. He swung his bat and sent a base hit into right field that scored the winning run.

Alexander was hailed as a hero the country over, and Mayer got bawled out by his manager—but the only difference was that Alex got the break and Mayer didn't.



FOXX
ATHLETICS



MANUSH
SENATORS



GEHRINGER
TIGERS



GROVE
ATHLETICS



SIMMONS
WHITE SOX



other such inning as that. The Athletics scored ten runs in that inning and beat us 10 to 8. Instead of evening up the series the Athletics now had us three games to one, and I was tendered a shower of ripe razzberries for not taking Root out earlier, in spite of the fact that he had an 8-to-0 lead and they had made only three scattered hits off him in six innings. Nobody appeared to consider the breaks in those two fly balls getting away from Wilson and the ball taking a freak hop over McMillan with a sure double play in front of him.

Maybe the psychological effect of those breaks in that seventh inning had something to do with the game played the following day, when Pat Malone had the Athletics shut out 2 to 0 going into the ninth. They had made only two hits off Malone in eight innings, and the first man up in the ninth was an easy out. Only two more to go and we would be back in the series.

THEN Max Bishop made a base hit. Haas pounced on to the first ball Malone pitched to him and belted it over the right-field wall for a home run. That tied the score. Hornsby then threw out Cochrane, making two out, but Simmons pasted a two-base hit to the score board.

I ordered Jimmy Foxx passed, which was good baseball. In addition to the fact that there are few more dangerous hitters in baseball than Jimmy Foxx, with a runner on second and only one run needed to beat you in the last half of the ninth you are no worse off with another runner on first and it makes a force play at both second and third and reduces the chances of a misplay.

Bing Miller was the next batter. Malone got two strikes and two balls on him. Another strike, a pop fly, or an easy grounder, and the inning would be over—and we would still have a chance.

But Malone got his next pitch too good. Miller slammed it to the score board for a two-base hit, scoring Simmons with the run that won the World's Series for the Athletics. Our ball game had been grabbed right out of our clutches and tossed into the ash can.

Baseball is like that. That's why 65,000 people came out on Sunday, June 4, this year, to see us play a double-header with the Athletics—and right in the midst of a protracted period of unemployment.

The day before we had opened at the Stadium with the Athletics and driven Rube Walberg out of the box in the second inning, scoring three runs. Don Brennan had started for us and shut out the Athletics in the first two innings. Then, without warning, the storm broke in the third. Brennan couldn't get anything by Athletic bats. I took him out and sent in Danny MacFayden. Still the deluge of hits continued. Then I waved big Walter Brown in from the bull pen—and he managed

to retire the side after the Athletics had scored eleven runs.

When a team scores eleven runs in one inning the average fan is willing to concede victory to that ball club. But anything can happen in baseball.

Tony Lazzeri busted open the fifth inning with a home run. Then Yankee bats began to explode. When they finally got the side out we had scored ten runs and driven three more Athletic pitchers to the showers. Then in the eighth Babe Ruth slammed out his tenth home run of the season with two runners on base, scoring three more runs. In the meantime Walter Brown, who hadn't started a game for us all season, struck out twelve of the Athletics in six and one third innings and didn't allow them a run—and we won the ball game 17 to 11.

The next day there were 65,099 paid admissions to the

PENNANT WINN

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1900	BROOKLYN	1917	NEW YORK
1901	PITTSBURGH	1918	CHICAGO
1902	PITTSBURGH	1919	CINCINNATI
1903	PITTSBURGH	1920	BROOKLYN
1904	NEW YORK	1921	NEW YORK
1905	NEW YORK	1922	NEW YORK
1906	CHICAGO	1923	NEW YORK
1907	CHICAGO	1924	NEW YORK
1908	CHICAGO	1925	PITTSBURGH
1909	PITTSBURGH	1926	ST. LOUIS
1910	CHICAGO	1927	PITTSBURGH
1911	NEW YORK	1928	ST. LOUIS
1912	NEW YORK	1929	CHICAGO
1913	NEW YORK	1930	ST. LOUIS
1914	BOSTON	1931	ST. LOUIS
1915	PHILADELPHIA	1932	CHICAGO
1916	BROOKLYN	1933	

Yankee Stadium. It is this very uncertainty of the game—the breaks—that gets the crowds out. They'll yell their heads off for the home team to win and get sore when it doesn't, but if there were every assurance that it would win they wouldn't even come out to see it.

Last spring, before the season opened, a popular indoor sport consisted of conceding the American League pennant and another World's Series to the Yankees. Even players on opposing teams were doing it. George Earnshaw was severely reprimanded by his manager, Connie Mack, for giving out a statement that "the Yankees will have the pennant sewed up by Fourth of July." Al Simmons, star of the White Sox, openly said the same thing.

INSTEAD of having the pennant sewed up by the Fourth of July, on that date we were in second place, half a game behind Washington and heading for the Yankee Stadium to battle them in a double-header for first place; and before twilight had settled over the stadium we were two and a half games back of Washington.

What the prophets had failed to see was that we only won the pennant last year by getting the breaks in a single department of the game—pitching.

This statement from me will probably come as a surprise to a baseball public that appears to be convinced that the Yankees are a championship ball club solely through the might of their all-conquering bludgeons.

Last year it was the Athletics that led the league in

team batting, home runs, and driving runs over the plate; but without any warning the leadership in pitching had shifted from the Athletics to the Yankees.

At one stage of the race last year Gomez, Ruffing, Allen, and Pipgras pitched forty-one consecutive innings without being scored against—ample evidence that they didn't have to depend on Yankee bats to win ball games. Percentage of earned runs allowed is the only way you can judge pitching on its individual merits—and last year the Athletics, whose pitching staff had dominated the league the year before, had only *two* pitchers among the first *thirty-seven* in the American League in the matter of earned runs allowed, while the Yankees had seven.

Having our pitchers come through like that in the same year in which those of our principal opponent had slipped was getting a break that you couldn't expect two

sixth. Before we could get a man out they had slammed three runs over. At this point a thunderstorm deluged the park. With only a one-run lead, nobody out, and the winning runs on the bases, I thought I was getting a break. If the game was stopped now and not resumed, the score would revert to the fifth inning and we would win 4 to 0.

But after an hour and a quarter the game was resumed on a field that was now a quagmire. With our infielders slithering around in the mud, the Giants scored four more runs before we could get the side out in that sixth inning. Our 4-to-0 lead had been changed to a 7-to-4 advantage for the Giants.

IT remained that way till the last half of the seventh. Then Hack Wilson performed a prodigious feat. The pitcher lost control of the slippery ball and pitched one right in Hack's groove, and with two on the bases Hack slammed that soggy baseball deep into the centerfield bleachers for a home run that tied the score! The next batter walked. A sacrifice bunt put him on second. Norman McMillan, a weak hitter, was at bat. The pitcher got him in a hole, then lost control and put the next one in the only place where McMillan was apt to hit it—high and inside. He slammed it for a base hit that won for us, 8 to 7, and, as Brooklyn had again beaten the Pirates, put us in the lead.

A single ball pitched by Bill Hallahan to Al Lopez of the Brooklyn club probably won the National League pennant for St. Louis in 1930. Going into the last half of the tenth, trailing 1 to 0, Brooklyn got the bases full with one out. Glenn Wright opened the inning with a two-base hit and Bisonette walked. A sacrifice advanced them. Then Flowers walked, filling the bases.

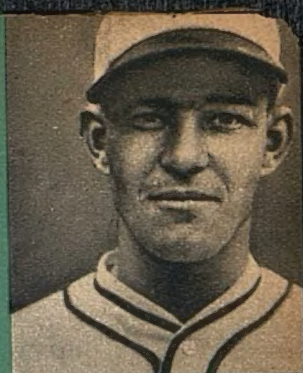
A base hit or an error would win the game. A base on balls or a long fly would tie the score.

Lopez, the only player on the Brooklyn club who had been hitting Hallahan's southpaw slants consistently, was at bat. The situation couldn't be worse for Hallahan. He couldn't give Lopez a good ball to hit, and he couldn't take a chance on walking him. He pitched two for the outside corner and missed it by a narrow margin—both called balls. Lopez took the next one for a called strike. Two and one. The situation was desperate. Hallahan noticed that Lopez was crowding the plate. He decided to pitch one over the inside corner and try to make Lopez hit it on the handle—and for once Bill Hallahan got a ball exactly where he wanted to.

Lopez hit it on the handle and sent an easy grounder right into the hands of "Sparky" Adams for a double play that ended the ball game.

Baseball is like that. That's why it's a great game.

THE END



OTT
GIANTS



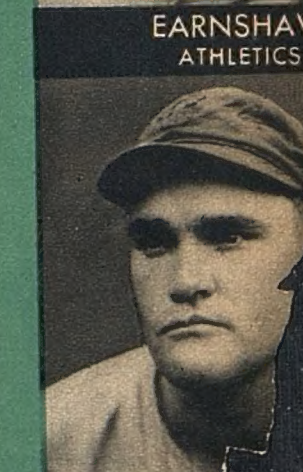
MALONE
CUBS



AVERILL
INDIANS



EARNSHAW
ATHLETICS



LUC
REDS



WILSON

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1900	CHICAGO	1917	CHICAGO
1901	CHICAGO	1918	BOSTON
1902	PHILADELPHIA	1919	CHICAGO
1903	BOSTON	1920	CLEVELAND
1904	BOSTON	1921	NEW YORK
1905	PHILADELPHIA	1922	NEW YORK
1906	CHICAGO	1923	NEW YORK
1907	DETROIT	1924	WASHINGTON
1908	DETROIT	1925	WASHINGTON
1909	DETROIT	1926	NEW YORK
1910	PHILADELPHIA	1927	NEW YORK
1911	PHILADELPHIA	1928	NEW YORK
1912	BOSTON	1929	PHILADELPHIA
1913	PHILADELPHIA	1930	PHILADELPHIA
1914	PHILADELPHIA	1931	PHILADELPHIA
1915	BOSTON	1932	NEW YORK
1916	BOSTON	1933	

years in succession—and that we didn't get this year. Johnny Allen reported at the training camp weak from flu, and we had to leave him there in a hospital when we came north to open the season. Ruffing developed a sore arm. Gomez couldn't get going. Still the hitting carried the pitchers through and we came into June with a six-game lead. But hitting isn't enough. Pennants have been won without much in the way of hitting. The Boston Braves did it in 1914 with only one .300 hitter on their ball club, and Fielder Jones's "Hitless Wonders" did it in 1906 without a single one. But no pennant has ever been won without consistently good pitching. The Braves had Rudolph, Tyler, and James, and the White Sox had Walsh, Altrock, and White.

PENNANTS are decided by too many breaks to permit of unanimity of opinion in forecasting. There is nobody wise enough to foresee or forestall the breaks.

I shall always think it was the break on two pitched balls that won my first big-league pennant with the Chicago Cubs in 1929.

On July 23 that year we had come back from an eastern trip to open a home series against the Giants, one and a half games behind Pittsburgh. With the crowd overflowing the field Charlie Root shut out the Giants 2 to 0 in the opening game. As Brooklyn won from the Pirates that day, we crawled up within half a game of the lead.

The next day Guy Bush had the Giants shut out 4 to 0 for five innings. Then things began to happen in the

The Prince and the Pop-overs

A STORY OF THE MADNESS WE CALL LOVE

(Reading time: 27 minutes 5 seconds.)

By

HELEN
AUGUR

Illustrations by CHARLES DeFEO

DAN BEDFORD'S first sight of Beatrice took his breath away.

His first sight of Tuscany had excited Dan; then the Villa Primavera, a delicious coral palace near Fiesole; then his godfather, David Trumbull. All Dan knew about his godfather was that he was the most famous portrait painter in the world, and that when Dan had won the Prix de Rome in landscape architecture Trumbull had written inviting him to come up for May.

When Dan arrived from Rome at noon, Trumbull embraced him in the European fashion. It was a bit bewildering, coming from a robust sandy-bearded man who had grown up with Dan's father in Concord. By now Trumbull was a thorough expatriate. "Well, I'm going to stay Yankee," Dan told himself.

Lunch was on a flagged terrace overlooking Florence. Carved griffins supported the long marble table, a heap of bright fruit made the centerpiece. Mario, a white-coated Tuscan with a dazzling smile, rang a bell, and the Trumbull children came to lunch.

"Cressida"—Trumbull introduced a black-haired girl. "Dorothy"—a thistledown blonde. "Hubert, Blaise, Noel. *Bambini*, this is Daniel Revere Bedford, one of my godsons."

"Along with two crown princes, one German broker, and three Greek waiters," said Cressida.

"It's my weakness, being a godfather," Trumbull said. "You see, Dan, I never could get enough children of my own."

Dan had never had to feel modest about his own looks till now. But all these unreasonably beautiful children—Then there was a boy at school, whom Mrs. Trumbull had gone up to see, and two places at the table were still empty. Dan was reflecting on the magic that had given Trumbull a coral palace, fame, and spectacular children, when the bell at the gates rang.

Mario stopped handing spaghetti. The gardener was running to open the grille.

Through the gates came a milk-white Tuscan ox, a young celestial ox, a garland of red flowers around his neck, his soft horns gilded. Riding him, with the lovely forward curve of a ship's figurehead riding through waves, was a tall girl. Hair a tarnished gold, eyes a smoky violet, and the innocence of May on her face.



The young man who was leading the ox by a gay red rope brought him up beside the table. He held up his arms to the girl in her saffron dress, and she slid down.

"Isn't he lovely?" she demanded, and kissed the young ox's docile nose. "Dino and I won him in a raffle for ten lire. There was a festa in San Martino. Mario, *pasta!*"

Mario, with a delighted smile, tied up the prize to a tree and fed the newcomers.

"My middle daughter, Beatrice," Trumbull was introducing Dan, "and Prince Fremonti."



"Don't let's rush," he said urgently. "This is so perfect I want it to go on forever."

Dan bowed, then his eyes returned to Beatrice. After lunch Dan strolled around the garden with Prince Tremonti while the Trumbulls took siestas. Dan felt deliciously lazy, too lazy even to sketch the garden. He wanted to sit alone on the marble bench under the Judas tree and look at the pool of petunias that spread their purple around the fountain. He was a little irritated to have Prince Tremonti there. Dan disliked titles. From the lunch conversation he had gathered that the Tremontis were an ancient Bologna family close to the House of Savoy.

But Prince Tremonti was charming. Dan was soon calling him Dino as if he were one of the Trumbulls. Dino, in fact, had known the Trumbulls for years, and visited them every spring when they came down from Paris or Dresden to the Villa Primavera.

"What a curious family!" Dan remarked as they leaned against the sundial. "They're preposterously good-looking. Where does it come from?"

"It's Mrs. Trumbull," Dino answered, as if that summed up everything. "She's Viennese, the loveliest of those much toasted von Loesslin sisters."

From his tone Dan supposed he ought to know about

the fabulous von Loesslins, but he didn't. No matter—he had seen Beatrice on her white ox, and that was a legend only two hours old. . . .

"**G**AME," Beatrice sang. "Four—two." Dan ran to the net to whisk two balls loose. "I'm getting worse and worse," he said cheerfully.

"You are, Dan. Why do you always win when you're serving, and lose when it's my turn?"

"Just that, Bea. It's the way you serve."

"Dan! Mario's baby could get my service balls just crawling around on all fours."

"I mean it's you serving," said Dan. "I look at you swinging up your arm, and forget all about the ball." He leaned over the net, teasing.

"*Grazie tanto*," Bea called smoothly. "Now let's play tennis."

Dan played tennis, and beat her by one stroke. They stretched out on the grass bank, flushed with the fast play. Bea shook her hair loose till it cascaded over her white dress. "Now what?" she asked. "A swim? A ride? We've an hour till tea."

"Can't I just stay here forever and look at your hair?"

She shook her head. "You must be amused," she said.

"But I am amused, every minute. I'm having an advanced course in lotus-eating. Breaking down my moral fiber day by day."

"You're getting nicer every day," said Bea. "I don't like these bustling up-and-have-at-'em Americans."

Dan sighed. "I've got to be just that. The depression melted my father's bank like a lump of sugar. I've got to make footsteps in the sands of time. You know, 'Life is real! Life is earnest!'"

Bea was lying on her back, looking at the cloudless sky. "I don't mind life being real, but I'd hate it

to be earnest," she said. Then she sat up. "Listen!"

A trumpet was blatting at the front of the villa. They ran across the lawn, Bea putting up her hair as she ran.

Fourteen-year-old Blaise marched in through the gates blowing a trumpet all out of tune. Behind him came a mule cart with a gaudily painted marionette show and two Sicilian showmen.

Trumbull came out of the French doors of his studio, palette in hand. "What's all this?" he demanded.

Blaise was glowing. "I've been thinking and thinking how I could go Bea and her ox one better," he said. "I have. I've bought the show!"

Dan was disturbed. Did Trumbull let his children go out and buy anything that took their fancy? Apparently he did. Then and there they had one of the countless episodes of Orlando Furioso. The marionettes were crude enough to be lifelike. But Dan could not get interested in Orlando's tribulations. He was wondering whether the Trumbull children had a thought in the world beyond amusing themselves.

After the show Dan went off to the bench under the Judas tree. He threw bits of gravel at the bronze Pan that forever blew jets of water from his pipes. "You're the Trumbull god," he told Pan impatiently. But Pan only blew his watery tune into the quiet air.

DAN saw Beatrice at the end of the garden, and his throat ached. She was so lovely.

She crossed the garden with her free stride. "You look positively worried," she said, and sat down beside him. A little cloud grew on her forehead. "What are you worrying about, Dan?"

"You, for one thing." He looked down at her. "Bea, what are you going to do? I mean, what are you going to do when you grow up?"

She turned her wide violet eyes on him. "When I grow up? I'd never thought, really."

"You should think. After all, your life's your life."

"But I like my life the way it is," she protested.

"It's like acting in a dream, Bea. And all the time you're just—nobody."

"You're too kind," said Bea serenely.

"I'm trying to be. But you're not real."

Bea was a little stunned, but she looked thoughtful. "What do you mean by that, Dan?"

"Be what you are. Look, Bea. You're American. American girls earn their own livings and the right to their own lives. They study law or art or medicine—"

Even as he said it, it sounded thin and impertinent. He was telling the loveliest girl he'd ever seen that she ought to get out and hustle.

"No," he said hastily—"that's not good enough. I suppose your father's right to keep you out of the mess this world is nowadays. You're too lovely. You're an international treasure, like a great painting."

Bea's eyes were dark purple. "I wish," she said plaintively, "that you wouldn't talk to me as if I were something hung on a wall."

Dan was sorry he'd talked half-baked feminism to Bea. If his godfather chose to bring up his children like young European artistocrats, that was his business, and he paid the bills. He kept the family going simply by his brush.

A frail thing, a paintbrush, to support seven children in careless style. Every stroke had to mean money. Trumbull had to know people who could bring him rich clients, people like the Tremontis. Just now Trumbull was painting Italian royalty or near royalty. Dino's cousin, the Duca d'Alba, was coming soon for sittings. Well, there it was. With all his charm and all his genius, Trumbull depended on—patronage.

Dan detested that word. He hated to admit that his own success would have to depend on patronage. A bit of flattery here, a discreetly pulled wire there, and always a smile for the people with big country places—that was the way a landscape architect would have to get ahead. It must be the way Trumbull got ahead.

"Darn it all!" Dan thought. "I know I can landscape. I can make trees grow into the right shapes and put color where color belongs. But can I flatter people into having plastic surgery done to their landscapes?"



Riding him, with the lovely forward curve

Can Trumbull land jobs without selling out as an artist? I don't believe he can."

And then at dinner they were talking about a coming visit to Sweden, where Trumbull was to be visiting court painter, and on the heels of that about Cressida's engagement to one of the Lindhs of Stockholm. Even Dan had heard of the Lindhs.

There it was again. "My godfather is a sublime hack," Dan thought bitterly.

He brooded through the marionette show after dinner. It was not till the showmen had gone to supper with the servants, and he and Beatrice began experimenting themselves with the puppets, that he could get Trumbull out of his mind. They climbed the platform behind the stage and practiced pulling up the strings.

"NOW," said Bea, "I'll be Bradamante, and you'll be Ruggiero, her deathless lover."

"I'll just fall into the part," Dan said gayly, looking down at Ruggiero standing with a lute beneath Bradamante's balcony while she wobbled dangerously over the railing. "But must I serenade her?"

"Of course," said Bea, and pulled the calico stage curtains open. They had a small audience—Cressida, Hubert, Dino.

"I've got stage fright," Dan whispered. He felt unreasonably excited, but he remembered a song:

*"Senza la bella bionda
La barca non va
[Without my lovely blonde
My boat will not set sail],"*

sang Ruggiero.

Bea laughed softly. "Bradamante's wig is black as coal," she protested.

"My love is blonde," Dan improvised in ridiculous Italian. "Her hair is fragrant as the petunias around the fountain. My boat will not set sail, my life will not set sail, without my lady of the golden hair."



of a ship's figurehead, was a tall girl.

Bradamante clapped her tiny hands mockingly. "Ruggiero, thou art moonstruck," she quavered.

The mummary went on, the lady on the balcony chaffing the importunate lover. Ruggiero sang to Bradamante, praising her loveliness, her gayety, her gentleness, vowing to wear no token but hers on his sleeve, no image but hers in his heart. Bradamante, with plaintive gestures, told him it was all in vain—she was under an enchantment and could never leave her tower. Under the phrases, as rhapsodic and high-flown as Ariosto's, a current ran, swift and irresistible. Then, as Bea leaned to pull up a string, her hair brushed Dan's cheek. He forgot the puppets, the audience, everything but the fragrance of Bea's petunia-soft hair, the sweetness of her body close to his. "Darling," he whispered, his lips against her cheek.

Bea's voice blurred. "Sing," she prompted him.

"Open your arms to me," he sang—and it was not Ruggiero's voice beseeching. "Lovely lady, lean down from your enchanted tower!"

"Come, my Ruggiero," sang the lovely lady.

DAN'S shaking hands worked the strings. Ruggiero, by fits and starts, climbed the balcony, stretched out his arms—

But Bradamante had slipped inside her door and pushed it shut. The calico curtains slid across the stage. Trembling, Dan looked at Bea. "Is *that* the end?"

In the dimness behind the stage, her eyes were inscrutable. "It's the end of this particular episode," she said.

The next morning began, like all the others in the Villa Primavera, with Mario putting Dan's breakfast tray on a table by the windows. With a delicate flourish, Mario lifted the silver dish cover and said, "Grapafrutta, cornobif 'ash, pop-over. *Complimenti di Violetta*," he finished, his English collapsing.

Dan's breakfasts always arrived with the compliments of Violetta, who was Mario's wife and the cook. Dan

always forgot to inquire by what magic, in a house dedicated to Florentine cooking, he got those wonderful American breakfasts.

But this was a morning to accept magic. Dan looked at the garden quivering under its bath of dew, at the gently breathing hills, at Florence, dancing and sparkling, with the Arno for a silver scarf.

"This is a day like no day that ever was," said Dan.

At nine he met Dino as usual at the stables. Dino appeared to have no inkling that this was not a morning like any other, when they would ride in companionable silence and come back to find the Trumbull children just beginning their day. But Dan was not surprised when Bea came pounding after them on her bay gelding, calling, "*Avanti Savoia!*"

They couldn't race on the twisting roads cluttered with donkey carts and ox teams, but Dino spurred ahead. He was pliant steel on a horse. Bea and Dan galloped after him till he was lost on a big turn toward Fiesole. Dan caught Bea's bridle. "Let him have it," he said contentedly. "Ride with me."

They rode side by side up the narrow road walled in crumbling plaster, walled in extravagant masses of roses, yellow, pink, magenta. The great hill was all one garden, cool and fresh in the shaded turns, warm and odorous where the sun struck through.

"YOU look sweet in the morning," Dan said. He reached to the wall and pulled a pink bud and put it in her hair so that it touched her cheek. "Yes," he said, "I can't tell which is which. Think of all the wasted mornings when we might have been riding together!"

"Wasted?" Bea's cheeks were warmer pink. "I thought you liked your American breakfasts. Weren't your pop-overs good this morning?"

He whirled in his saddle. "Bea! You get my breakfasts?"

"Of course I do. But you mustn't tell. Nobody knows but Violetta. You see, she never cooked anything but Florentine food. So I just—"

He bent and kissed her hand. "Angel!" he said. "And I called you a nobody, when all the time you were cooking like an inspired New Englander for me. Bea, you're American, after all!"

"And a real person?" she teased him.

"If seraphs are real. If anything's real on a morning like this. I woke up suspecting I was a god myself. Now I'm sure of it."

"Because I get your breakfasts, Dan?"

"Yes, because you get my breakfasts, and because you're the top of the morning—" The hilarity in his blood mounted and bubbled over as he looked at her dipping her bare head under a trailing mimosa. "Tell me," he begged, "you're not going to spoil everything by confessing that you get Dino's breakfasts too?"

"Just yours," she laughed. "Dino gets Violetta's *maritozzis* and *caffè latte*. I just can't do Italian food, and anyway Dino thinks it's low of me to cook."

"I think it's your career," said Dan. "You're an American girl with a career, and don't let any princely Italian tell you different."

"Also," Bea went on, "Dino hates people that go riding with him and then lag behind. Come along; he'll think we're stuffy."

"Don't let's rush," he said urgently. "This is so perfect I want it to go on forever. What do you care what Dino thinks?" He leaned and took her hand that held the bridle still slack.

Under his hand her fingers tightened on the reins. "I have to care," she said. "It just happens that I'm going to marry Dino."

The road in front of Dan rose and trembled and settled again, like a mirage shifting. He heard Bea through the mirage. It had been settled for years, she said. They were just waiting for her mother to come home, and then they would announce the engagement.

"Settled for years," he repeated her words, his lips stiffly moving. "You said yesterday that you'd never thought what you were going to do when you grew up. So they settled your life for you when you were still in a dream. That doesn't allow for—"

"For what, Dan?" Her voice was smothered.

"For a miracle," he said. "For falling in love. You never thought of that, did you?"

Her eyelids quivered. "I dearly love Dino."

"That's not what I meant," said Dan, staring straight ahead of him. "Cressida dearly loves Dino too, and Dorothy. Why doesn't Dorothy marry Dino? All that's necessary is for one of the Trumbulls to be the Principessa Tremonti—"

"Dan!" Bea's face flamed. She gathered up the reins; her boot slid to her gelding's flank.

"Yes," said Dan, "we'd better push along."

All that day and the next Dan wandered around Florence, wondering why Baedeker had triple-starred the Duomo, the Bargello, the Uffizzi. He purposely came back late for tea, and found everybody gone except an old man asleep in a basket chair. Dan poured himself a tepid cup of tea and sat down opposite the Duca d'Alba, who looked just an old man tired from his motor trip.

"But you mean everything to the Trumbulls," Dan assured the sleeper. "You're a big fish in Trumbull's net, *Eccellenza*. They used their rarest bait to catch you."

He put down the cup and closed his eyes. Why hadn't he had the courage to go back to Rome the day before?

The grass rustled, and he looked up. Bea was bending over him with a tray in her hands.

"Here's hot tea," she said, "and strawberry tarts that I made myself."

He took the tray and smiled up at her. "Why can't I resent your forgiving me?" he asked. "You're the only really gracious person I've ever seen, Bea."

"You have no idea how long it took me to forgive you," she said. "You say perfectly terrible things, Dan."

"I'm sorry, Bea. Really I am. I was just trying to think straight."

"It's no good straightening out your ideas if

her head bent over her hands. "I think I've got everything what you call 'straight' now," she said.

She lifted her head as Dino called from the villa, and there was a sudden tenderness on her face. "I promised to go walking with Dino," she said.

"Must you?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly, and ran across the lawn. She slipped her hand into Dino's, something Dan had never seen her do, and they went through the gates.

Dan breathed cautiously, as if breathing would tear him apart. "She loves him now. She didn't love him this way yesterday. I told her to be ready for a miracle. Only—it's Dino's miracle."

The Duca d'Alba woke up, nodded vaguely to Dan, and went off to sleep again. Dan tried to get back his rage at the Duca d'Alba, back to the pain of a few minutes before, when he could think of Bea passively married off for her father's convenience. But Bea knowingly, radiantly married was another matter. A few minutes before he could think of Bea dazzled by the prospect of a villa in Bologna, half a palace in Rome, and the entrée to family dinners at the Quirinal. But that was before he had seen Bea's face when Dino called.

Dan got up and paced the terrace. "It's out, it's over, it's washed up," he told himself brutally. "I go on



"I don't mind life being real, but I'd hate it to be earnest," she said.

they're wrong in the first place," she said enigmatically.

"Was I wrong, Bea?"

"Not about everything," she said, and gave him a bewitching smile. Bea was transformed today, awake and glowing.

"What's happened to you, Bea?" he cried. "You look as if you knew all the secrets in the world today."

"I do," she assured him. "All that matter, anyway. Dan, you jolted and hurt me so that I had to think. And I decided you were right about one thing. I was blundering around in a dream." She gazed across the lawn to the tree where her white ox was tethered. "It's funny," she said, as if to herself. "A week ago I thought my ox was the most exciting thing in the world." She mused,

from here, and I shan't stop till I'm the greatest landscape architect in America. If I work like a fiend," he thought, "I can forget Bea—now and then."

So at dinner Dan took up the discussion about gardens that he'd started days before with Dino. Tremonti leaned across the table, and they talked as if nothing in the world mattered but the principles of landscaping. And Dino had a problem for him—the old Tremonti villa, a putty gray.

"Can anything take the curse off that villa and those stodgy gardens?" Dino demanded, handing Dan snapshots of the Villa Tremonti.

Dan studied the photographs. "That must go," he said ruthlessly, pointing to the heavy semicircular steps in front of the villa. "The façade itself is all right, but you must rip off those steps and terrace the lawn right up to the building. Now, here a fat fig tree, and at that bare corner a venerable cypress—"

He was still transforming the Villa Tremonti over coffee. Mario had brought sketch paper and colored pencils, and Dan had re-landscaped the villa, ripped out two pagodas installed by Dino's grandfather, put in an English garden, all lilies and white marble, and was shifting the axis of the rose garden, before he noticed that every-

body, including the Duca d'Alba, was listening intently and poring over his sketches.

Dan's racing pencil paused. He'd been too absorbed in the problem before him to see beyond it. But now he knew what was coming. Dino was going to offer him the job. It was a magnificent chance in itself, and the opening to other, even better, offers. When he went back to America he could say to the right people, "I've just finished Prince Tremonti's gardens, and am going back to work over the Duca d'Alba's palace grounds." Why not?

"Very clever," the Duca d'Alba was saying to Bea. "This young man has the great tradition. I think he could make that Tremonti place actually charming."

And almost at the same moment Dino said, "Dan, the job's yours, if you'll take it."

But Dan was looking at Bea in her cloudy white dress, her face ardent. Her garden. Bea would walk between those lily borders with Dino, and breakfast with him in the English garden. Dan's first chance at work to make him forget Bea—and she was the very center of it all. His first chance at success—and it was held out by her hands. Trumbull must have had one offer like Dino's to start the ball rolling; Trumbull was happy and successful—but he painted the relatives of his daughters' fiancés. The net around the Trumbulls and Tremontis had almost caught Dan too. Slowly he tore the sketch in his hand across, and dropped the pieces beside his chair.

"No, Dino," he said; "I won't make a garden for you."

THE next morning Dan found his godfather painting on a terrace below the villa. His model, Mario's baby, rolled on the grass beside him.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am about last night," Dan began; but Trumbull stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"And I suppose you've been called back to Rome unexpectedly and all the rest," Trumbull grinned. "Sit down, Dan."

Dan sat down on the grass and watched his godfather work. He had accepted Trumbull as the most fashionable portrait painter in the world and let it go at that. But now he saw a painter at work on a picture, a very great picture. Trumbull was painting, not the Duca d'Alba, but a servant's baby, his unhurried brush putting in strokes so soft and tender that they would endure the centuries. Watching that unhurried brush, Dan felt his topsy-turvy world settling back on its foundations. How could he have thought that Trumbull ran after titles to paint? Trumbull was supreme—he was incorruptible.

"People don't matter at all," Dan said suddenly.

Trumbull seemed to know exactly what Dan was talking about. "No," he agreed, without turning his head.

"You're lost if you think of your sitter as a person. Dan, once I painted a bad portrait."

"I can't believe it, sir."

"A thoroughly bad portrait. It was the first time I'd painted a king. I kept thinking, 'This is the King of So-and-so.' And of course it turned out that I painted a king, and not a portrait at all."

"Well, I've started off worse than that," said Dan. "I turned the whole business down."

TRUMBULL paused to mix umber and sienna with his palette knife. "Dino's sorry, Dan. He liked your sketches. He came to me this morning and asked me how to handle bristling young Americans who were too proud to accept jobs from their friends. Dino's all cut up that you're not going to do his gardens."

"But I am," said Dan. "I've just decided."

"Fine," said Trumbull without the least fuss.

"I know what it is now," said Dan. "I wanted to insult Dino. I've been going around with a temperature, I guess. But all I did was to insult my own profession."

"You're all right," Trumbull growled, turning back to his easel. "Only trouble with you, Dan, you're in love and won't do anything about it."

Dan stared at his godfather. "How did you know? But how can I? There's Dino—"

Trumbull kept him breathless while he drew an umber line across the canvas. "What's Dino got to do with it? Bea went walking with him yesterday and told him she'd grown up and realized she wasn't in love with him. She said she'd rather cook than be a princess, anyway. So they're back at their childhood friendship, which is all there ever was to it—" He looked up, saw Dan sprinting across the lawn, and smiled. Then, with an exclamation, he corrected the umber line, stood off, one eye closed, and nodded critically. "That's all right now," said Trumbull.

The sun cascaded through the kitchen windows on Bea's bent head and her yellow dress and her yellow bowl. She was beating egg yolks, and when she heard Dan's rushing steps she looked up and smiled. But her spoon beat steadily against the bowl. "A Boston cream pie," she said hastily, "such as never was in this world—"

"Bea! Listen to me!" But the sun was in his eyes, in his throat. Everything was molten, golden.

The kitchen clock, its face wreathed in pink cherubs, dipped a pendulum into boundless time and brought up a golden minute, then another. Bea's spoon beat faster and faster, then it stopped.

"I really don't want to make this pie," she confessed, and whirled around on her stool into Dan's arms.

"No, sweet." His mouth slid down her soft cheek. "Not this particular pie."

THE END

SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY JULY 29 WINNERS

IF you entered the July 29 Scrambled Geography Contest, look for your name in the list of awards following. Correct solutions of the scrambled words are published for your information. If you had them all correct in your entry but are not listed as a winner, it is because you failed to include a statement of preference or your statement was not of prize-winning caliber. So many correct lists of words were received that the statements played a deciding part in the awards.

CORRECT NAMES

PERTH — CLARENCE — SYDNEY — CANBERRA — TOOWOOMBA — SPENCER — OOD-

NADATTA — KALGOORLIE — FLINDERS
MUSGRAVE — MACDONALD — CARNARVON
CLERMONT — EVERARD — BALLARAT
MELBOURNE — SWANHILL — NORMANTON
AUCKLAND — GISBORNE — WELLINGTON
KAIPARA — QUEENSTOWN — INVERCARGILL — VICTORIA — CARPENTARIA

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

DR. MAURICE CHERNYK, Denver, Colo.

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

MRS. DIXIE F. HUDSON, Miami, Fla.

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

FRANCIS S. CHASE, Suffolk, Va.

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

GENEVIEVE MARCHBANK, Portland, Ore.

TEN \$5 PRIZES

Florence Cimmino, Lewiston, Me.; Hugh Cunningham, Wichita, Kan.; James P. Foley, Baltimore, Md.; E. A. Gaylor, Middlesboro, Ky.; Douglas G. Gray, Syracuse, N. Y.; Miriam F. Gray, West Chester, Pa.; A. C. Jenkins, Globe, Ariz.; John L. Milburn, Youngstown, Ohio; John C. Tattersall, Washington, D. C.; Nelda M. Waterman, Louisville, Ky.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

Virginia Abbott, College Station, Tex.; Mrs. C. W. Alden, Saginaw, Mich.; Beatrice L. Baker,

Port Washington, N. Y.; Henry Berriman, Berkeley, Calif.

L. W. Bohn, Fargo, N. D.; Sterling B. Botome, St. Petersburg, Fla.; E. Bell Cannon, Akron, Ohio; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Lillian Chaney, Chaney, Md.; Jack Cohn, San Francisco, Calif.; Raymond E. Colliflower, Baltimore, Md.; Edgar K. Dawson, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Theo. Dinsmore, Northampton, Mass.; Roxane E. Durfee, Atlanta, Ga.; Gregg F. Eberman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wilbert Erickson, Escanaba, Mich.; Beatrice Fortier, Green Bay, Wis.; E. K. Gilmore, Talladega, Ala.; Major D. F. B. Gray, San Francisco, Calif.

A. D. Greever, Columbia, S. C.; Margaret Hallinan, Brockton, Mass.; Mrs. Murf Hawkins, Birmingham, Ala.; Richard W. Hodgson, West Duluth, Minn.; Elizabeth A. Jecusco, Miami, Fla.; K. L. Kelley, Bend, Ore.; Vaughn H. Knight, Lee, Me.; Frank P. Lawler, San Francisco, Calif.; S. J. Michael, Pensacola, Fla.; A. L. Morris, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. John Oleska, Jr., Gary, Ind.; Ray C. Overholser, Bremerton, Wash.; Myrtle E. Palmer, San José, Calif.; Hannah S. Patchin, Oneonta, N. Y.; Mrs. H. F. Penney, Weston, Ont.

Henry Pickard, Clarendon, Va.; F. A. Sager, Anaheim, Calif.; Cletus C. Scheetz, Lancaster, Ohio; Jasper B. Sinclair, San Francisco, Calif.; Merrill Stevens, Topeka, Kan.; Mrs. C. D. Stuart, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Louis L. Stuart, Sonora, Tex.; R. E. Tarpley, Atlanta, Ga.; Roland Teasley, Boulder, Colo.; Linn A. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind.; Charles A. Walton, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. P. Washburn, Port Angeles, Wash.; Mrs. J. S. Webster, Columbia, S. C.; G. V. Wickware, Washington, D. C.; C. F. Williams, Woodhaven, N. Y.; Margaret Wright, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Way to Prosperity

(Reading time: 12 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE NRA program is the beginning of a national economic readjustment. That readjustment has been overdue for many years. It has been made necessary because the Machine Age "ran away with us." We did not know how to manage it.

We learned only a part of the lesson of mass production. We neglected to make adequate the buying power of the masses, without which mass production cannot possibly succeed and keep us all employed. Hence the machinery of our civilization became unbalanced. We passed through more than three years of pain before we began to think straight about the problem which faced us.

Now, tardily, we are organizing—in part at least—the necessary readjustment. We are striving to restore balance, and sanity.

I am asked to discuss what makes the NRA program necessary. In order to do so it is necessary to consider what has been happening to us during the past few decades, and to clear away many misconceptions.

For centuries the trade rule was, "Buy cheap; sell high." The factory system revised this but slightly into, "Buy materials cheap, pay the lowest possible wages, get the largest margin of profit."

Slowly we made discoveries about machine production:

Machinery was costly. Therefore it was wasteful to man it with cheap or careless labor.

To "earn its keep" machinery should operate steadily at a higher efficiency than man could maintain for long hours. Therefore employers found they had a selfish interest in shorter hours.

A huge, efficient plant could make its owner vastly rich on a small per-unit profit margin. Moreover, reducing costs enabled many millions to buy products which they could not afford before. This "opened up new markets."

But often it cost a dollar—or even more—to sell an article which it had cost a dollar to make. This restricted the market, so we began trying to reduce the cost of selling.

There were even "visionaries" among supposedly hard-headed business men who thought the time near when it would be advantageous if the mass of people could have more leisure in which to use up things the Machine Age could produce.

Now note this: None of these steps came about through vague "idealism." That progress in business thinking came about through intelligent selfishness.

At least a sizable minority of business leaders came to realize that *they* had a selfish interest in reasonably high wages, in the shorter hours labor had obtained only

A Great Merchant Offers a Simple Program for Universal Betterment—Through Hard-Boiled Intelligent Selfishness!

By

EDWARD A.
FILLENE

As told to

EARL REEVES

by fighting, and in reducing production costs, unit profits, and the cost of selling.

Unfortunately only a minority had traveled this far in their business thinking. Few realized what science had done to the "rules of the game" of business.

Mass production can succeed only if it is production for the masses. Henry Ford offers the best example of what I have in mind, though many have followed him.

What can the average family afford to pay for an automobile? he asked. Very well, learn how to make one which can be sold for that. But high wages must be paid while doing this, as otherwise the masses will not be able to buy cars. And, further, hours must not be long, otherwise the mass of people will not be able to use cars.

He didn't begin his thinking at profits. He began at the other end. And he made more money than any man ever had made before.

Ford revolutionized industry, and his cheap transportation revolutionized living. My own personal conviction is that the process which he typifies will yet revolutionize international relations. Properly understood and mastered, it will banish poverty and want in the world, and therefore remove the basic cause of war, which is economic.

It seems strange now that only four years have passed since we were boastful of the benefits which mass production was providing for us. While now some wonder whether it may be the curse of mankind.

But we did not fully understand mass production.

True, we had eliminated some of the great waste and achieved efficiency in making goods of sound quality, in huge quantities, at low prices, with greater profit.





Among capitalists and captains of industry, Mr. Filene, head of the Boston mercantile company which bears his family name, was for years a lone prophet of general economic amelioration along the selfsame lines which he brings to focus in this article. Some of them are now features of the NRA program, and Mr. Filene himself is chairman of the Massachusetts NRA board.

Business leaders measured this "prosperity" with such figures as these:

In eight years, percentage increases were: dividends, 150 per cent; new capital invested, 200 per cent; incomes over \$100,000, almost 400 per cent. Meanwhile corporate surpluses piled up at a rate of \$2,500,000,000 annually; while, on the average, each year saw the issue of more than \$1,000,000,000 in "stock dividends"—on which stock it then became necessary to show profits.

Leaders urged upon workers thrift, saving, and the investment of a part of their earnings in the stocks of productive enterprises. Emulating their leaders, the masses also "played the market."

NOW why didn't all this bring about the "new era" of "permanent prosperity"? Simply because, while we had achieved greater efficiency in manufacturing products and profits, we did not recognize that to be successful *mass production must also manufacture buying power.*

But profits are buying power? No, only in small measure. Five sixths of the goods and services produced in the United States are sold to those having wages and salaries under \$2,000. Only one sixth is bought by the well-to-do and the rich.

In their *own* interest the directors of mass production must manage industry and business to provide the largest possible income for the five sixths who are the great

mass market. Gains in productive efficiency should be passed on in the largest possible measure to wage earners. In increased wages, reduced hours, or both. This insures to the masses buying power and leisure in which to use goods. During the boom we relatively reduced, instead of building up, mass buying power. The individual wage advanced but little. Hours remained stationary. And of the total American wages and salaries fund—which averaged fifty billions annually during four years—a considerable portion was diverted from the normal buying of goods and into stock purchases. This made additional huge funds available for plant extensions at a time when mass buying power already was shrinking and unemployment was increasing.

In boom times John Smith found it difficult enough to buy himself a new auto, and he didn't have enough free time for its use anyway. Eventually he couldn't buy a new auto because his spare funds were tied up in auto stock. Then, because he and millions of others couldn't buy, his stock came to be worth a fraction of what he had paid for it. Moreover, because so many couldn't buy, finally he found himself on half time, or perhaps without any employment at all.

WE must lift mass buying power. That need existed even in boom times, when too great a proportion of the gain from technical advances was earmarked "profits." That need is far more vital now.

Instead, obviously we have moved in an opposite direction. Last year wages and salaries disbursed had shrunk by twenty-five billions from the 1929 level. Costly machinery has been standing idle.

And so men speak of the threatened "permanent over-production" of the Machine Age.

There is an essential absurdity in talking of "over-production" in a world of whose total population at least two thirds, or 1,200,000,000 persons, live on the barest subsistence level, and when in America fully one third cannot obtain the goods we consider necessary to a minimum standard of living.

This Machine Age need not produce more things than we want and need and can use. If we will but recognize and observe its new rules, unemployment is preventable. Excepting only the temporary unemployment which arises from technological changes; and we must learn how to



foresee that and plan in advance for the shifting of displaced workers to other jobs.

The chief basic rules of mass production are quite simple:

Produce at the lowest possible cost; and this involves constant fight against the enormous waste that still exists in most production and distribution.

The most successful businesses have proven indisputably that in order to earn great profits business must:

I. Sell at the lowest possible price; and this involves maintenance of the smallest margin of profit which will yet return a steady, fair return on investment.

II. Pay the highest possible wages; and the limiting factor here is that wage increases must not increase unit costs of production.

Break these rules and you unbalance the set-up, with disaster for all. If prices or profits are too high, or if wages are too low, then there is inevitable shrinkage in the pocketbook of the five sixths, of the low-income group, who constitute the great mass market. Goods pile up which cannot be sold. Depression follows.

It would have been much easier to have made the necessary readjustment in hours and wages during good times.

It would have been easier then also to learn by scientific study just what readjustments were necessary to insure continuous employment, a steady demand for goods, a stable economic machine.

It is more difficult now to take first steps toward prevention of unemployment. I have made certain suggestions:

First: Give shorter hours, possibly the six-hour, five-day week, a trial at the equivalent of the old rates of pay.

But this might cost "capital" a great deal of money? Possibly. Again, perhaps not. A condition would be that during a trial period wage earners prove they can produce as much goods in six hours as formerly in eight. Let all the skill of science and engineering and good management be used to aid this.

If we can install the shorter week at former pay without increasing labor-unit costs of production, then it will cost "capital" nothing.

If during a trial period we fail to achieve this goal, then there should be a carefully studied readjustment in wages and hours, to which labor should be pledged to agree.

In that event this trial period would have cost billions. But let us remember two things: Capital has been destroyed by tens of billions recently; and even if we tried the above plan and readjustment became necessary, we still would have restored approximately 1929 mass buying power.

MY own conviction is that shifting to a shorter week and a scientific method of determining wages and hours will be profitable, whatever it costs.

Second: Under traditional business thinking, "credit"—accumulated capital—is for investment in "productive" enterprises. Financial institutions fairly overflow with credit which is idle, sterile, useless to business and to society.

Manifestly we do not now need further investment in new factories, in facilities for production.

I throw out the suggestion that the time has come when credit experts may have to overhaul our ideas about use of credit. The Machine Age rewrites economics. It may be that we should use credit now less for financing production than for financing *consumption*.

If by using idle credit to finance consumption we can help restore balance in modern civilization, that would

certainly be a "productive" use of capital. It can be done profitably.

Third: For years I was opposed to unemployment insurance, as being un-American, a sort of "dole." I now believe in unemployment insurance.

While we are making adjustments and learning how to manage mass production we must provide for those who are the victims of our inability completely to master and manage this process. But I would try to make unemployment insurance "harness the selfishness" of business leaders and set them at work at the job of banishing unemployment.

Unemployment insurance should be by federal enactment, in order that its provisions regarding rates of pay and other conditions might be uniform, handicapping no industry or area. Management of it might then be by states, if that seems best.

However, if the machinery for this is to be set up by the states, or by federal agency, the essential thing is to give to employers the option of establishing and operating their own systems of unemployment insurance—obviously under strict regulation.

SINCE governmental function is wasteful, the most able employers and corporations would conclude, rightly, that if this job has to be done, they could do it more economically than the government. Then, having undertaken it, they would strive constantly for stability in employment in order to cut down payments to men who are producing nothing.

As our ablest employers and corporations learn how to manage business so that employment will be continuous, their methods will be copied by others.

The motives of these others will not be altruistic or "idealistic" but quite "hard-boiled." If efficient employers are not having to divert part of their funds to unemployment relief, they will be able to manufacture more cheaply. In order to survive as competitors, the others also would have to learn how to banish the unemployment-

relief charge from their cost sheets.

Reformers so often start from a premise involving some vague conception about what human nature ought to be. But man is a selfish animal. If you wish to reform anything I think you must start with recognition of that fact—then *use* it. Human selfishness is motive power. Intelligent human selfishness based on fact-finding is the best motive power.

We shall learn to manage mass production when those ablest individuals who rise to leadership understand that it is to *their* advantage to strive to increase the buying power of the masses by paying ever higher wages for shorter hours, while striving also to eliminate waste and reduce costs.

If we find, and then maintain, the point of balance, then all the wheels of industry, trade, and transportation can hum steadily. Human hunger for goods, comforts, luxuries will grow. If we maintain that balance, every technical advance will lift our standard of living. There need be no overproduction. There need be no unemployment.

I am not speaking of this as something easily or instantly to be achieved. But we shall have made the first great step when we recognize the new rules which science, through the machine, has imposed on business and industry. Certainly we should know now that defiance of these rules means disaster, not for one class alone but for all. Observe them and the benefits for mankind can be greater than we have ever dreamed possible.

THE END

Next Week—

MY PRINCE MDIVANI AND I

By Mary McCormic

The famous opera star's rueful revelations of her marital experience in supporting one of these amazing brothers in the style to which he was accustomed.

Also—

WHY FOREIGNERS DO NOT LIKE US

By Chester T. Crowell

An American traveler asks some questions and gently explores the European mind

Other stories and articles by

Leighton H. Blood—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

—J. P. McEvoy—Leonard Hess and others

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MODEL 667 Latest 7-tube Atwater Kent Radio in a strikingly beautiful cabinet of artistic, modern design that adds to the charm of any room.

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Hutcheson's Head

A Stirring Tale of the Borneo Jungle and a Meek Man's Courage and Wit

(Reading time: 28 minutes 36 seconds.)

IT was one of those moments of weakness which every white dweller in the jungle has known. A letter had just come up the river on the old stern-wheeler Sandakan. It had been Hutcheson's first letter in nearly ten years. He stood there scarcely daring to read it, a little worn figure with watery blue eyes and face yellow from the malarial tropics. A stranger would not have dreamed he was only thirty-six years old.

The filthy river rolled at his feet. To his nostrils came the heavy, rank smell of steaming vegetation and the stench of the neighboring kampong. Squalid native boys were toiling up the gangplank of the dilapidated Sandakan with slabs of hewn tembesu. The wood was wet. The rolling Sandakan was wet. Everything around him exhaled the hot enervating breath of the Borneo jungle.

Then he read the letter.

"Come back to New York, Billy!" it urged. "Use another name. You can be my brother from Kansas."

Two of the native stevedores trotting down the gangplank passed the word that Tuan Hutch was crying. The white man caught the whisper. Were the boys already old and blind, he demanded, that they didn't know when a

man laughed till the tears came? The brown Malay faces betrayed skepticism. Hutcheson said he would let them judge for themselves. He chose the most amusing native tale he knew. Immediately loading stopped. Native after native joined the group. Soon sweated brown faces were grinning. Hutcheson lost himself in his performance. He pantomimed, recited his lines in various voices, made amazing faces. So engrossed were he and his audience that no one noted the huge Dyak war canoe that swept up to the rickety wharf.

"Damn you, Hutch, what are you doing now?" a furious voice bellowed.

The native boys slunk off at once to their waiting pile of tembesu, leaving their white overseer to face the flushed figure of the trader. A few minutes ago the trader had been seated on his veranda, drinking pahit, which is gin and bitters, with the jaundiced captain of the Sandakan. A third white man was with him now.

"Aren't you ever going to learn anything?" bawled the trader. "Don't you know the river's rising? Didn't I tell you to keep those boys on the run? Can't you see I got rattan, beeswax, and illipe nuts still to load?"

"I'm sorry," said Hutch in a low voice.

"All you're good for is running with the natives—

Illustrations by
HAROLD DENISON



The powerful figure of the datu bore down on his white prisoner.



The major dropped his right arm, pulled his revolver, and fired twice.

getting off your damn' stories!" To vent his anger on that shrunken watery-eyed figure and properly humiliate it in front of the natives, the purple-faced trader launched into the vernacular.

Hutcheson had stiffened, but made no more apology. He didn't like the cold staring eyes of the third white man, a huge type of Britisher with a dragging mustache. Sometimes you find them blond, sometimes dark. This one was very blond. His dress revealed him as an officer in the British North Borneo constabulary. He must be a new one, Hutcheson thought. He had never seen him.

"AND how long have you been in Borneo?" the officer drawled almost insolently. He had sauntered up to Hutcheson while the trader was raving.

Hutcheson's late animation had vanished. He was again the browbeaten tropical underling.

"You'll never get anything out of him, major," the trader volunteered. "His head's got no more in it than a coconut. Far as I know, he's been on the island ten years."

"An American?" The major's eyes had hardened.

"I brought him a letter from New York today." The jaundiced river captain spat into the dark water.

With sudden authority the Britisher seized the unresisting trader's assistant by the shoulder and started through his pockets. Bringing out the letter Hutcheson had read but a few minutes before, he held it up with one hand. His eyes traveled rapidly down the page. Satisfaction came to his big blond face. Thrusting the letter into his own pocket, he barked an order to the long canoe. A Sikh sergeant, still taller than his superior, came up with heavy iron manacles. The Sikh snapped one rusty clasp on the prisoner's right arm, the other on his own left wrist.

"Now," announced the major cordially to the staring trader, "I'll have that drink with you."

As the big sergeant dragged Hutcheson to the edge of the wharf, by the canoe, the latter had a glimpse of the terrified faces of his native boys staring after him. The Sikh seated himself with dignity on a pile of planking, apparently oblivious of the stares of the Dyak paddlers, the leering remarks of the Chinese crew of the Sandakan,

and the conversation over whiskies and sodas on the veranda of the trader's bungalow.

"My memory's rawther good," the major was drawling, "but I hardly would have known the blighter if it hadn't been for his acting to those natives. When you told me how stupid he was; that clinched it. I had just naturally run into him, y'know."

"I don't get the stupid part." The trader downed another drink.

"Very simple," explained the major. "I was stationed in Hongkong when a troupe of actors went stranded. They always do in the East, y'know. This hireling of yours was the leading man, I fawncy. Rawther amusing to think of him young and handsome once—what!" The listening Hutcheson winced. "Anyhow, his hotel bill was jolly well overdue. They were about to throw him out. That night a fat Hindu sapphire buyer was murdered at the hotel. They found the bloody knife and the Hindu's empty pouches in your assistant's room. He hadn't even enough gray matter to throw them in the harbor or some beastly place."

"How'd he get away?" wondered the trader.

"He didn't," waved the major dryly. "He was coming back to his room, like the ignorant Yankee he was, when some other guest at the hotel met him on the street. Of course he had to spill the soup, and our theatrical friend vanished." The major rose. "I dare say he'll do no more vanishing—at least, not until they hang him across the bay."

The trader's house boy carried Hutcheson's few belongings down to the wharf. They were dumped into the canoe. The paddlers steadied it as the Sikh and Hutcheson followed. The major paused on the wharf.

"I'm taking him along up the river, Bowden," he spoke to the trader, "because I'm not sure how safe he'd be here with you till I come down—what!"

The trader's gimlet eyes suddenly took on a new glint.

"You're going farther up the river, major?"

The officer seated himself confidently in the canoe. With British assurance he ignored the listening yellow faces on the Sandakan.

"I'm off on a little private conference with Chief Terrik of the Tiger-Cat Claws. A rumor reached me that

By **CONRAD RICHTER**

heads were taken in his territory last week. My private launch is out for repairs, but I have no doubt the datu will respect a British representative in a war canoe, eh?"

The captain exchanged a quick glance with the trader.

"I have no doubt he will," he agreed with an irony the officer did not catch. "Has your sergeant told your paddlers their destination?"

"Not yet," admitted the major.

"You are new to North Borneo, major?" inquired the trader in an oily tone.

"My experience has been mostly with the Cantonese."



The big sergeant dragged Hutcheson to the edge of the wharf.

conceded the major modestly. "A vawstly more fiendish lot of scum than you have here, I may say." He glanced up coolly at the staring Mongol faces on the Sandakan. Then he nodded to the Sikh and lifted one composed hand in adieu.

"Just a minute!" interrupted Hutcheson. It was the first time he had spoken since his capture. The others glanced at him curiously. "Mr. Bowden owes me twelve dollars."

"Not more than five!" protested the trader hastily.

"Five, then," agreed Hutcheson, his eyes resting without expression on his late employer's purple face. So the trader was taking advantage of his position to cheat him! "At any rate, I'd like to have it. Also the privilege of writing a short letter."

"A letter!" fumed the major. "I'm ready to start."

"It's my last request," said the prisoner.

The trader bawled to his watching house boy for paper and pen. Then he fumbled in his pocket for a British North Borneo Company note for five Singapore dollars. When the boy came with writing materials, Hutcheson sent him to the kampong for a native named Nambu. The major watched the proceedings with a cold eye. Hutcheson laid the tablet on his knee and his pen scratched. He was waving the letter about in the damp air like a nysah leaf when the house boy returned with a short active-looking pock-faced native.

Hutcheson beckoned him close and spoke in his ear. Nambu nodded violently. He tucked the folded letter

into his hand; then his black eyes enlarged at the sight of the money Hutcheson gave him.

The major, who had been a silent observer of it all, now held out his hand to Nambu for the letter.

"I happen to be the censor of this sector," he drawled.

Hutcheson called a single word and Nambu broke away into a run. Cursing, the major called in Chinese, which was the only language he knew other than English, that Nambu should stop or be shot. The Chinese crew on the Sandakan grinned. But Nambu knew neither Chinese nor English. He kept on running. The major drew his Eastern duty pistol. Rising from the bottom of the canoe, Hutcheson threw up an arm, and the major's first shot went wild. With a harsh bark the Sikh drew his captive down. But the fleet Nambu had already gained the shelter of the pile of tembesu. From there it was only a step to the jungle.

THE officer returned to the canoe with a grim, dour look for the prisoner.

"That head of yours is running true to form. You don't care what ignorant native you send a bullet into."

Hutcheson's emotionless face indulged in the vestige of a smile. "He hasn't got the bullet yet, sir."

"He will—as soon as we get back!" blazed the major. "As for your letter trick, whatever it is, it won't save you!"

Hutcheson made no answer. He had relapsed into a lethargy on the bottom of the canoe. All the rest of the day he stolidly watched the passing banks as the canoe swept upstream.

That night they cleared a spot in the heavy vegetation, to camp. The Sikh with evident relief released himself from the manacles, then tied his prisoner with strong cords of green rattan.

"Major!" Hutcheson called after supper from where he had been left lying.

"Ah!" The huge officer strolled up amiably with his pipe. "Finally bowled it through that head of yours you'd like to talk, eh?"

The prisoner's face bore its old expressionlessness.

"I don't suppose it would do any good to tell you you're going into dangerous territory?"

"Well, hardly," ironized the major. "It's dangerous anywhere, y'know. Once I was run down by a bus on the Strand, and even in a first-class hotel a Hindu sapphire buyer in Hongkong found it slightly perilous—what!"

"I didn't think you would," said Hutcheson. "I just wanted to give you a chance."

"Jolly thoughtful of you, y'know," assured the Englishman sarcastically. "That head of yours is really extr'ord'n'ry." He puffed on his pipe with a sense of entertainment. "Tell me, my man! How many days did it take you to hatch up that massacre of the fat Hindu? To work out all the diabolically clever details? I'm merely curious, y'know."

"I didn't kill him," Hutcheson said slowly. "Somebody planted that stuff in my room."

The Englishman nodded and blew out a long stream of unperturbed smoke.

"Righto. You just came to Borneo for your health? Lovely country! Wonderful climate! Charming people."

"I was afraid," said Hutcheson through his teeth, "if I'd go back to my room, they'd hang me."

"Extr'ord'n'ry!" The major was vastly amused. "How did you chawncie to think of that possibility, now?"

Hutcheson closed his lips tightly. He saw it was no use.

ABOUT noon the third day they came to a fork.

"Sudarwi!" Punjab, the Dyak leader, indicated the larger stream. "Awonga!" He pointed to the smaller.

"Awonga!" directed the major.

"Awonga?" repeated Punjab, astonished.

"Awonga," insisted the major firmly.

The change in the Dyak crew was immediate. Sullenly they turned the canoe into the smaller stream. Their conversation ceased. The Sikh himself caught the prevailing mood and sat like an alert rajah in his seat. But the major calmly lighted his pipe and emitted indifferent clouds of smoke.

Abruptly Punjab barked to the paddlers late that afternoon. His note was sharp. At once the pace of the canoe increased. The major was sleeping now under his pith helmet.

The canoe swung around a sharp bend. A Dyak communal house flashed into view, one of the largest Hutcheson had ever seen. It was built on high piles and had the usual

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- | | |
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| 5. Fruits | 6. Beverages |
| 7. Tobacco smoke | |

Colgate's removes all seven



thatched roof. A pack of noisy village curs ran along the bank yelping at the canoe. Not a human being was in sight. But Hutcheson had spent too much time in the tropics to be deceived. From a score of nooks and openings he presently glimpsed armed warriors peering out with unfriendly eyes. Blowguns protruded and followed the canoe's course like rifle barrels.

When they had passed, Hutcheson spoke aloud:

"Was it gongs or messengers, Punjah, that not even a child stood outside the long house? We swept around the bend in the river like a typhoon, and yet the village was prepared for our coming."

"With thirteen paddlers I hear no gongs," replied Punjah. His face was extremely grave. "But I know they have eyes on us even now!"

The voices close at hand roused the dozing major. He yawned and looked back. Instantly his yawn was cut short.

"What village is that?" he demanded of the Sikh, pointing to the receding long house.

The sergeant put the question to Punjah, then replied with all the dignity of his race:

"He says it is the Eighty Doors of the Tiger-Cat Claws."

The major sat up.

"Tell them to turn around!" he directed crisply.

"We're landing there."

The Sikh repeated the order. The Dyak leader froze. He might have been carved out of teakwood.

"Tuan Major and yourself may land. But this canoe and my men—we do not land."

"Is this mutiny? Are you in our command or not?" the sergeant bristled.

Punjah's face remained like stone.

"Up the river or down, yes. To the Eighty Doors, no."

The Sikh drew his revolver while the major stared. Punjah's lip curled. Scowling, the sergeant repeated the conversation.

"Tell these Dyak old women," the major scorned, "to go to the nearest path to the village and wait for us there."

Hutcheson stirred.

"Before you go, do you know that the datu of the Eighty Doors is not a penghulo [approved village magistrate]?" he inquired. "Do you know what every small child up and down the river knows—that Datu Terrik and his tribe of Tiger-Cat Claws—"

"Bosh!" exploded the impatient major. "Am I a child or a native wallowing in ignorance, superstition, and a G string?"

Hutcheson closed his lips. The Sikh barked at Punjah, and the canoe started toward shore. Punjah sprang out and held the prow of the canoe fast while the major stepped on a mass of exposed mossy roots. He turned and considered Hutcheson coldly.

"You better take him along," he ordered his sergeant. "I don't quite trust letting him here alone."

With evident dislike the tall Sikh fastened his arm to Hutcheson's with the rusty manacles. Punjah and several of his men agreed aversely to carry for a little way the packages of presents that had been brought along for Datu Terrik. The major took the lead.

THE procession had not gone a quarter mile in single file when a sharp twanging cluck of alarm came from Punjah. The major turned. From his blond contemptuous face it was plain he saw nothing, heard nothing. It was the old story of the white man jumping to the conclusion that the black must be wrong. Hutcheson laughed aloud. When the major wheeled again, not one of the Dyak paddlers was in sight. They had been right in the path a moment before. Now the bundles lay abandoned in the soggy trail. They themselves had vanished completely, as if by magic.

"What does this mean, sergeant?" demanded the major.

The Sikh shrugged his shoulders. The gesture said, "What can you expect from untrained natives?"

"I'm warning you to run!" Hutcheson announced in a low voice.

The major glared. It was plain that the disappearance of his Dyaks had given him his first touch of nerves.

At that moment the Sikh made an exclamation deep in his throat. He drew his revolver. He pointed out to the major spear points protruding from ferns and blowguns from the coarse leaves of the young nipa palms. With a concerted cry a score of brown warriors, decorated with beads and boars' tusks, sprang from concealment and rushed on the trio in the trail.

"You fools!" shouted the major. "We're friends!" He held up his hands in a gesture of peace. But the savages came on, yelling deafeningly. At the last moment the major dropped his right arm, pulled his revolver, and fired twice. The major's and the Sikh's revolvers spoke almost together. Hutcheson saw four savages fall. Then the rushing wall of brown bodies bowled them over.

He closed his eyes for the first blow. Through his light tropical clothing he felt the impact of a half dozen needle-like spear points. They pricked but went no farther. Opening his eyes, he saw the disarmed major and sergeant held similarly to the ground. The Sikh was protesting vehemently in the native dialect that they were friends coming to the village to bring presents and talk over matters of state with the datu. The savages leered back evilly. One older warrior spoke. The clan of the Tiger-Cat Claws had no friends. And if they had they would not be taking this dark path to the long house. Besides, four of their brothers had been murdered.

WHILE the older man spoke the younger savages quarreled among themselves, and from their twanging gutturals Hutcheson understood why their heads had not as yet been taken. Each of the three heads was claimed by at least half a dozen warriors. Obviously it was impossible to satisfy all. The older savage said he would ask Datu Terrik to come and decide the matter.

Hutcheson thought he knew when the datu was approaching by the sudden silence among the quarreling warriors. But it was only the messenger returning with more armed natives. The datu had sent his decision. Their enemies were to be brought to the long house, and there the datu should say who was to have the privilege of severing each head.

"Everything's all right now," the major said when his Sikh had explained it to him. "Let me talk through you with this datu, and we'll be turned loose at once with their beastly apologies."

When the armed procession reached the open site that marked the village, it was met by a rabble of old men, women, and children. They swung back and forward, chanting quavers of victory, while scores of mongrel dogs barked and howled. The older boys brought blood to the prisoners' skins by striking them with blades of the saw-toothed lalang grass.

The major glared at these indignities. The streams of red betel juice which the contemptuous women shot at him made him furious. But the Sikh strode on without deigning a glance at his tormentors. At the notched pole to the long house, he took out a key and released his own arm from the manacles. At this there were twanging exclamations of surprise and distrust.

The communal building had been raised on massive ironwood piles fifteen feet above the bank of the river. Half the head-hunters preceded the prisoners. The remainder followed, driving the trio up the notched poles with the disdainful words they used for their fly-ridden cattle. The first contingent of armed savages awaited the prisoners on the lofty veranda. With the points of their spears they drove them into the great hall of the tribal house. Shallow bowls of resinous fires were burning before long rows of barred doors.

At the end of the hall, on a seat of heavy tapang, waited the datu. He was thick as a wild ox, with knotty arms and legs. But the outstanding feature of the savage was his eyes. They were powerful, glittering, and slightly crossed. The major tried to run up to him but was held back by spears and guttural threats. He ordered the Sikh to demand their instant release in the name of the British North Borneo Company and his Majesty the King.

But the Sikh was wiler than that. He started with a plea that the datu send men back for the presents the Tuan Major had brought for Terrik and which had been left in the trail because his warriors had been afraid

to touch them. Terrik replied that he knew about the packages, that they probably contained white man's magic to injure the village, and that they would be brought in and opened only under the proper omens and ceremonies to make the magic worthless.

Then the Sikh started on a new tack—that of the white tuan's friendship for the clan of the Tiger-Cat Claws. With a snarl the datu interrupted that his own brother had been killed that day by the white tuan's gun. When the Sikh tried valiantly to explain, the datu leaped from his seat and silenced the speaker with a terrific blow over the head with the side of his parang.

Leering brazenly at his men, the datu announced that he had decided he would take the three heads himself in the name of the tribe. It would be the long awaited initiation of their youth.

A chorus of discreet grunts of approval came from the warriors. First one coppery body and then another moved with noiseless feet over the bamboo flooring. They made a wide ring. The circle was charged with the mysterious fanaticism of the Orient.

THE gongs near the datu started a low rhythmic beat. A silent file of boys dressed in miniature war regalia, with beads and boar tusks and shields and spears, came marching down the corridor. Like neophytes at some religious ceremony they squatted on the floor before their fathers. From one of the barred doors appeared a tall native fearfully tattooed, wearing necklaces of tiger-cat claws. In his hands were a wooden shield and a parang. The gongs increased their tempo and he began a dance pantomiming some old victorious legend of the tribe.

Once he gestured to the high ceiling. Hutcheson saw the glance of the major follow. Instantly the huge figure of the white man grew rigid. From slender strips of bamboo attached to the nysah-thatched roof hung scores of dried human heads. In the sockets had been inserted wooden eyes painted white. It gave them an indescribably hideous look. Each head appeared to be staring at another, aghast at the trunkless sight that met its eyes.

Hutcheson saw that the major's breath was coming faster now. He knew that the big Britisher was aware at last of the identity of that faint stench that permeated the long house. The major twisted on the uncomfortable bamboo flooring. But the Sikh, with blood clotting his face, sat immobile as a statue.

Suddenly a rooster crowed from the rafters above the hall. As if this were the omen waited for, the tall tattooed dancer retired. The warriors stiffened. Their eyes were fixed on their datu, who slowly rose from his seat of tapang. Commanding the boys to watch and miss nothing, he started into the circle.



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Hutcheson thought their time had come. But there was one other rite first. It was the story of Terrik's imaginary struggle with these three adversaries he was presently to kill. Each detail of his victory he implanted unforgettably in the minds of those who watched: How the little white man with the watery blue eyes died begging for mercy. How the big dark man died with his eyes on his distant land across the sea. How the white tuan with the blond hair died only after a fearful fight. Each imaginary head the datu deliberately severed.

Hutcheson knew now the fatal moment was approaching. He could tell it by the eager way the warriors leaned forward—by the insane fever that glittered in Terrik's eyes. The boys were staring hypnotized. For the first time that night the Sikh had lost his admirable composure. Utter silence came from the flutes and gongs. Like a cat playing with a mouse, the powerful figure of the datu bore down on his white prisoner with the yellow malarial face and watery blue eyes.

Eluding the surprised savages on either side, Hutcheson sprang to his feet. The datu waved back his warriors. He swung his razor-edged parang, but the weapon did not strike. The little white man with the watery blue eyes had suddenly vanished and in his place was a cripple. All the savages stared at the magic. The cripple dragged himself to one of the bowls in which the resinous fire had burned out.

Making the sacred signs, he asked that his last request be given him—a wall of cloth hung about his person. Before he died he would show the datu some white man's magic.

Terrik stared greedily. He commanded several of his warriors to hold a strip of native material around the little white man. Once protected, Hutcheson slipped off his clothing and blackened himself from head to feet with the residue of charcoal left in the bowl.

Like a young actor making a sudden triumphant entrance, he sprang out from beneath the cloth. Grunts of surprise greeted him. The white man had become a young Dyak warrior. He swaggered cockily up and down, pretending to chew betel nut and spit the imaginary red juice to the right and left. In a twanging native voice he boasted of the Tiger-Cat Claws, the number of their tribal doors, the courage of their men, the fertility of their women, and their wealth in heads, beads, pigs, and buffalo.

WHEN he saw the datu at length stirring on his seat, his act abruptly changed. He hunched his body into the figure of an aged native, gnarled and stiff, his face twisted with many years. Hobbling up and down the great hall, he began to speak in the voice of an old man. He told them they were looking at the most ancient and wisest of the spirits whose heads hung in the long house. He had come now to warn them of impending disaster. It was bad luck to capture these white tuans who had come as friends. If a hair of their heads were harmed the great white government would send war canoes swarming up the river. He would show them the war canoe's sound, then they would know when it was approaching. Laying his head on one side, he imitated remarkably the regular exhaust of a launch.

The war canoe would bring guns, he added, that talked faster than drops could fall from the monsoons. The women and children of the Tiger-Cat Claws would be taken into slavery. The warriors would not be killed but

only wounded. They would be hung up on the piles of the long house where the sand flies could torture them.

Hutcheson saw that the faces of the warriors had flinched. He began to enlarge on the details of the white government's revenge. A guttural roar interrupted him. It was Terrik. His glittering eyes were bloodshot. The white man's government, he exulted, would never find the Tiger-Cat Claws. He, Datu Terrik, would build a new long house in the hills which no man knew but the maias, the "man of the forest," the orang-utan. His parang twitched in his hand as he came to Hutcheson.

The latter still crouched in the posture of an old man, his lips drawn. He tried a last desperate move.

"Listen!" he croaked. "I bring the white man's war canoe. Even though you kill me, you cannot stop its coming now." With his lips he began the monotonous far-away sound of a river launch.

That halted Terrik temporarily. He stood fingering his parang, his beady eyes hesitating. As time went by and the white man's magic had failed, the leer came back to his glittering eyes.

Hutcheson did not give up. He remained stooped, the imitation of a motor boat's exhaust still coming doggedly from his lips.

SUDDENLY a warrior near the door raised his head. In a moment others were listening. And now Hutcheson heard it too—a distant hum that sounded like wild bees. The savages began to mutter twanging notes of amazement and alarm. The white man's magic had worked.

In a little while all was confusion. Savages leaped about with blowgun, parang, and spear.

Hutcheson saw the major staring at him in a sort of dazed incredulity. The approaching sound grew steadily nearer. It was punctuated now by regular explosions. It increased to a series of roars; became a deafening thunder directly abreast the village. Then it ceased while the white eye of a searchlight played on the open doorway.

A voice speaking the native dialect with the accent of an English-

man rang over the water:

"Datu Terrik of the Tiger-Cat Claws—where is Tuan Major and his companions?"

Clutching his parang, the datu ventured as far as the shadows just inside his doorway.

"Why do you wake us up from a night's peaceful sleep?" he called back sullenly. "What should the datu of the Tiger-Cat Claws know about the white tuans?"

"Does the datu give us the lie?" retorted the voice from the river. "Did we not have a letter from one of his companions warning us of the Tuan Major's danger in going to your long house? Down this very river to-night did we not pass the canoe the white tuans came up in? Did not their paddlers tell us that your warriors had taken them as enemies when they came to you as friends?"

Terrik muttered to himself, pacing up and down the bamboo flooring like a beast at bay. The voice from the river came more sharply:

"We are in the white man's war canoe with the white man's shields all around us. None of your spears can reach us. But we have the white man's never tired gun that shoots faster than a man can talk words and need not be reloaded. If the white tuans are not instantly brought to us alive and well, we will throw fire and lead into the long house until it has more holes than are between the leaves of the jungle."



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 35.

Datu Terrik's face was horrible. He saw his heads slipping from his hands, and he drew back his lips like a dog.

But he gave reply that the two white tuans were coming down to the river alive and unharmed. He scowled at the major and pointed to the door. With alacrity the major left the long house.

"Now you!" hissed Terrik to the charcoal-skinned figure with watery blue eyes.

"Not till this one goes with me!" Hutcheson pointed to the immobile Sikh.

"I made promise only to release the two white tuans," glowered Terrik.

"Release him," Hutcheson threatened, "or when I get to the white man's war canoe I shall turn on the long house the gun that shoots more words than a man can talk!"

With a snarl, the datu glared at the Sikh and pointed to the door. The latter gave Hutcheson a look of proud appreciation. Then he stood aside for Hutcheson to climb down the notched pole first.

In the powerful launch of the British North Borneo Company several Englishmen stared strangely at the charcoal-blackened Hutcheson.

"I fawncy I better take off that manacle," the major said suddenly.

He obtained the key from the Sikh and threw the rusty iron under a seat.

His eyes returned bleakly to the charcoal face of the other. "I say!" he complained. "I cawn't see yet, y'know, why you sent that letter!"

Hutcheson's watery blue eyes were expressionless.

"I didn't do it for you, major. My idea was I'd sooner be buried whole in Hongkong than have my head hanging up in a Dyak long house and my flesh rotting on posts for the omen birds."

The major stared at him.

"Y'know, I've been mulling over that beastly affair at Hongkong. I'm positive, quite, that a man with a head like yours never murdered that Hindu in that blawsted sloppy fashion. Stay with me at Sandakan, my chap, until I get a leave, and I'll run over with you to Hongkong and clear you up properly." He fumbled in a pocket and gravely returned Hutcheson's letter. "Then you won't need to go back to the States as the nawsty brother from Kansas—what!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is the capital of Irak?
- 2—What do the letters A. W. O. L. stand for?
- 3—What are nomads?
- 4—What is a sotnia?
- 5—Who was Silenus?
- 6—What is a junta?
- 7—In what country is the chervonets a monetary unit?
- 8—Who owned the first wrist watch ever made?
- 9—What is the meaning of turgid?
- 10—What is a pharmaceutical tincture?
- 11—From what poem is the quotation, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen"?
- 12—Who coined the expression "red tape"?
- 13—What was the original name of Ottawa, the capital of Canada?
- 14—Who were the Septembrists?
- 15—Who in English history was first called the Great Commoner?
- 16—What is the longest word to be found in the English dictionary?
- 17—What is the capital of Dutch Guiana?
- 18—What is the real name of B. M. Bower, the writer of western stories?
- 19—What is the length of a kilometer?
- 20—What people are called the Forgotten of God?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

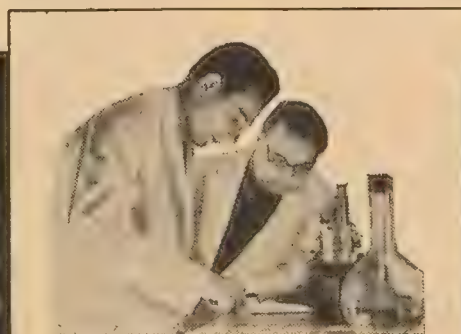
All over Hollywood it's NEWS

Screen Stars learn amazing Scientific facts about their Beauty Soap



LEILA HYAMS Universal Star

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SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN

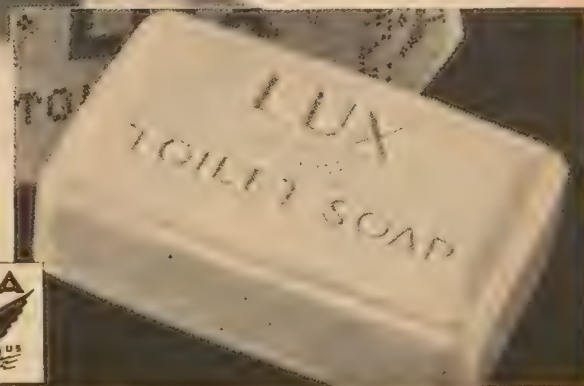
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ROMANCE, REALITY, REVENGE

Leslie Howard and Lee Tracy in Pictures with a Similar Theme—Lionel Barrymore as a Country Doctor—and Gary Cooper as a Village Dentist

By ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 6 minutes 30 seconds.)

YOU are sailing downstream. A short way back you passed a grove of poplars, but you can't see them now. You saw them in the past. You are now watching a field of heather; it's before your eyes in the present. But you don't know what's ahead around the bend of the stream because that's in the future.

But a man in an airplane looks down and sees the past, the present, and future of you in the boat. It's all *one* to him. Therefore Real Time is nothing but an idea in the mind of God! Henry James. Einstein.

That is the theme of Berkeley Square.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ BERKELEY SQUARE

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, Irene Browne, Beryl Mercer, Colin Keith-Johnston, Alan Mowbray, Juliette Compton, Betty Lawford, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Samuel Hinds, Olaf Hytten, David Torrence. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

Peter Standish, American, inherits a fine old house in Berkeley (pronounced Barkly!) Square in London from a distant relative. Among the house's treasures he finds the diary of an earlier Peter Standish, curiously like himself, who lived in the eighteenth century. Sitting in his library amid the ghosts of the past, reading the diary, Peter becomes convinced that all the people of the ancient household are still alive—in Time! His friends and especially his fiancée, Betty Lawford, think he has gone nuts. But Peter believes that some day he will enter the front door and there they will be!

Sure enough. Back in 1785 the Standishes had expected the arrival from America of their cousin Peter, so that when the present-day Peter walks in they are not surprised. But there are other surprises in store for them, for Peter knows the past, which is their future, and consequently is anticipating events in a most uncanny manner. He finds himself engaged to a cousin, Kate, but falls in love with her sister Helen. Yet, according to the diary, he must marry Kate. One can't change events that have already happened.

In the end he has to tell Helen that he is a man from



Heather Angel and Leslie Howard in one of the scenes from the intriguing film Berkeley Square.

the future—a time when she will be a hundred years dead. Helen understands and promises that her grave-stone will be so deeply graven that he will be able to find it. Returning to the present, Peter seeks out Helen's grave and there decides not to marry Betty but to hold tight to his love for Helen who still survives—in Time!

Leslie Howard also acted Berkeley Square on the stage. The film version is even more beautiful.

★★★ TURN BACK THE CLOCK

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Mae Clarke, Otto Kruger, George Barbier, Peggy Shannon, C. Henry Gordon, Clara Blandick. Directed by Edgar Selwyn.

Here is another and lighter treatment of the Berkeley Square theme.

Lee Tracy, married to Mae Clarke, runs a cigar counter. Comes Otto Kruger out of Lee's boyhood past. Otto is rich and offers to let Lee in on a good thing. Mae objects to risking her savings. Just like a stupid woman. Lee wishes he had his life to live over again. He would



Turn Back the Clock, a live-your-life-over-again picture, features Lee Tracy and Peggy Shannon.

have married Peggy Shannon, Otto's wife, and have amounted to something. He gets tight, is knocked down by an automobile, and while under the anæsthetic he gets his wish.

Lee is again a boy. He passes up Mae for Peggy, whose rich father starts Lee off right. He goes up and up to such prominence that President Wilson makes him head of the War Industries Board. All during this dream life Lee's predictions are so uncanny that people think he's nuts; of course he knows the future. He is miserable with Peggy, who is two-timing him, and though innocent of corruption, his bank is caught in the crash, and in trying to escape to Athens the police close in upon him from every side. Just as he is about to be shot he wakes up in the hospital, looking into Mae's eyes. Gosh, but he's glad he didn't marry Peggy!

★★★ ONE MAN'S JOURNEY.

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, May Robson, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, David Landau, James Bush, Buster Phelps, Oscar Apfel, June Filmer, Sam Hinds, Hale Hamilton. Directed by John Robertson.

In ancient times the wise man of the rural community was the priest. Today he is the village doctor. Upon graduation Eli Watt went to the city, flopped, and so returned to his little country town. Here, for years on end, he brought babies into the world, tended the sick, and became, among his other duties—mostly unpaid—the spiritual adviser of his flock. His treatments were quite as much of the soul as of the body. Realizing that he was not keeping up with the times, he continually planned to go away, attend clinics, and *be* somebody. But always something held him back, that something being his immediate love and duty. Specialists are called when his adopted daughter is stricken. They fail. Eli, knowing that she is dying of heartbreak, ar-



ranges a dramatic confession by her husband that cures her. Invited to a medical convention in New York, the little country doctor is tremendously impressed with the Great Names present. Imagine his surprise when the famous Dr. Babcock toasts Eli and tells the assembled highbrows that the old-fashioned country doctor may not know so much about surgery and medicine, but he knows more about *doctoring* than all the specialists in the world.

This is Lionel Barrymore at his best. The others of the cast are also fine.

★★ ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Neil Hamilton, Roscoe Karns, Frances Fuller, Jane Darwell, Clara Blandick, Sam Hardy, Harry Schultz, James Burtis, A. S. Byron, Jack Clifford. Directed by Stephen Roberts.

Gary Cooper, the village dentist, is in his office getting tight with Roscoe Karns. Phone. Neil Hamilton is in distress. Will Gary pull his tooth? Will he? Send him up! Oh, boy, what a chance!

While Neil is being given gas we learn why Gary wishes to get even. Dissolve back into the boyhood rivalry for the hand and heart of Fay Wray, the village belle. Neil wins and Gary reluctantly marries Frances Fuller. Gary works for Neil while studying dentistry by correspondence. Neil is meaner'n heck, and in a fight Gary wounds an employee. Jail for two years. Time passes and Gary is now a dentist. Dissolve back to opening sequence. Neil is well under the anæsthetic. What a swell way to kill a victorious rival! Roscoe horrified. Fay enters, and when Gary sees what a cluck she's turned out to be, he quickly revives Neil. Better punishment to let him live.

A swell story but drearily told. Imagine Gary Cooper in the rôle of a bashful country boy! Neil Hamilton does well. Also Roscoe Karns. Fay Wray delivers as usual. And Frances Fuller is altogether convincing and charming.



A scene from One Sunday Afternoon—Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Frances Fuller, and Neil Hamilton.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze.

★★★—Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight.

May Robson, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan, Lionel Barrymore in *One Man's Journey*.

The A. E. F. that



(Reading time: 14 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE International Military Police!—never before in the history of modern warfare had there been such a unique organization. Its ranks included Russian gendarmes and Cossacks, British sailors and marines, Japanese and Chinese soldiers and sailors, Italian carabinieri, French sailors and “Blue Devils,” Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Czech, Lettish, Belgian, and Serbian soldiers, and—very much in evidence—American soldiers, sailors, and marines. Twelve nations, fifteen flags, eighteen uniforms; a babel of tongues, a hodgepodge of races; yet one of the most efficient forces of its kind on record.

The eyes of the United States were focused on the activities of the American Expeditionary Force in France. Hence little attention was paid to its lesser brother, the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia. Why were our troops sent to Siberia? Well, Major General William S. Graves, the expedition’s commander, has said that “I was in command of the United States troops sent to Siberia, and I must admit I do not know what the United States was trying to accomplish by military intervention.”

Former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker has implied the following as his justification for the action taken: After the collapse of the Russian Empire the German conquest and exploitation of Russia was greatly feared by the Allies. There were huge quantities of military supplies in Siberia. It was feared that German and Austrian prisoners of war, freed by the revolution, might seize these and become a menace. The Czechoslovak troops were threatened in their withdrawal to Vladivostok by a hostile population. Bolshevism was rapidly spreading eastward. Japan was all too ready to intervene, and this fact probably helped decide the issue in so far as the United States was concerned.

The Allied nations determined to send a joint expedition to Siberia. The British forces joined the Czechs at Vladivostok on August 3, 1918, followed by the Japanese on August 12. The first American unit was the Twenty-seventh Infan-

By Captain MYRO

try; it arrived August 16, and was soon followed by the Thirty-first Infantry. Both were from Manila. Major General Graves, after a secret meeting with Secretary Baker, arrived in the beginning of September, closely followed by about 4,000 men of the Eighth Division, sent from Camp Fremont, California. Forces of other nations made their appearance in rapid succession.

Normally a city of about 100,000 population, Vladivostok had expanded to about 400,000, with a consequent problem as to housing. Sanitary conditions were extremely bad, and typhus was prevalent.

As a result of the revolution in Russia there had been a general breakdown of the civil administration in Siberia. Police courts and departments were unable to function properly. A large number of hardened criminals had been released from jails and prison camps. Their warders had been slaughtered and criminal records burned. Many persons impoverished by factional and revolutionary disorders turned to crime in a desperate effort to survive.

Vladivostok, as a busy seaport and a gateway for escape from the country, attracted these undesirables. The worst criminals in Russia, who had been confined at Sakhalin, had flocked to this port. About every sort of

*Twelve nationalities
and fifteen flags! Part
of the International
Military Police force.*



the U. S. A. Forgot

The Truth at Last About
One of the Strangest
Adventures in Military
History



Drawings by MONTAGU LOVE

After five miles they sighted a rider. They gave chase. He turned and opened fire on them.

N B. GOLDSMITH

crime was openly perpetrated by bandits and political desperadoes. A powerful band of anarchists was terrorizing the community. "Hunhutzes," half-breed Chinese bandits, were openly plundering and mutilating their victims. Opium dens and gambling houses were running full blast. So was the extensive "red light" section.

The police force of Vladivostok was inadequate and ill-paid, and lacked equipment. Despite these handicaps the police tried to do their duty. The jails as a result became overcrowded, due to the failure of the courts to function. A sentence to penal servitude was a useless gesture; in one instance, twenty-eight prisoners sent to Sakhalin escaped en route and immediately returned to the city, where they paraded the streets openly and defiantly. Two police commanders had been killed by female assassins, and two had been shot from behind. One was killed by a bomb. About the time the Allied forces occupied the city, a man called Nikitoff assumed command of the police. On his ninth day in office a group of bandits removed him from a street car in broad daylight, carried him to the outskirts of the city, and butchered him. This deed, coupled with the fact that the criminal elements were preying on the Allied troops, caused the commanding officers of the different forces to hold a

conference. The result was the formation of the International Military Police. Each nation furnished a battalion of its best troops, from which a daily quota of fifty men was drawn. The territory to be policed was divided into twelve sections, each nation being responsible for the section thus assigned.

Major Samuel I. Johnson, the Provost Marshal of the American Expeditionary Force, was placed in command, with unlimited authority. No better selection could have been made. Major Johnson, a two-fisted, straight-shooting soldier of fortune, was a naturalized American citizen of Russian Cossack nativity. He had relinquished a commission as Adjutant General of the National Guard of Hawaii, and had enlisted as a student officer in the Officers' Training Camp in order that he might see action. His wish was fulfilled. Recommissioned as a major, he proved his leadership and utter fearlessness repeatedly, and was decorated for valor by several nations.

MAJOR JOHNSON assumed command on a Tuesday. On Wednesday placards in Russian, with his name underneath, were posted in places frequented by underworld characters. These placards bore this warning: "From now on the International Military Police will be responsible for law and order in Vladivostok. All crimes and depredations will be severely dealt with." That afternoon it was found that practically every one of the placards had been slashed to pieces or scrawled upon as follows: "Who the hell are you?" or, "Remember what happened to Nikitoff."

Thursday noon a band of robbers, leaving their horses outside under guard, entered the French Bank. They killed the cashier in cold blood, shot a woman typist, and proceeded to loot the bank. The typist pluckily managed to arise, pick up her typewriter, and throw it through a window. A military policeman who happened to be passing rushed into the bank to investigate, and fell, badly wounded. When Major Johnson and several men arrived, the bandits had fled, taking \$100,000 in currency. The wounded military policeman said they had scattered in all directions, but he had seen one of them head toward a town called Nikolsk. As the road to Nikolsk ran straight for thirty miles, it was decided to concentrate on this bandit.



Meanwhile the major and his party had been joined by some Cossacks. Ten in all, mounted on excellent horses, they started off. After pounding along for about five miles they sighted a rider furiously urging his horse along. They gave chase. Before they were sure their quarry was one of the bandits, he turned and opened fire on them, dropping one of the Cossacks. The military police returned the fire, and horse and rider fell and tumbled over several times. The bandit was stunned by the fall, and they had no difficulty in disarming him. It was found that he was shot through the body.

When he recovered his senses he calmly asked for a cigarette. Major Johnson leaned over him and asked him to tell what he knew about the robbery. The captive slowly inhaled and shrugged his shoulders. He blew the smoke into the major's face, saying with a sneer the Russian equivalent of "Go to hell."

While Major Johnson was pondering some way to make him talk, a Cossack officer in the party said, "Why not try on him what you in America call the third degree? I know a good method." "Oh, that can't be done," said Johnson; "it's against international law." "Yes," returned the officer; "and it is also against international law to rob a bank, kill a cashier, shoot a woman, a military policeman, and one of my Cossacks." Then he lowered his voice almost to a whisper and added: "Commandant, this is our first job, and military necessity tells us that we have got to make him talk." He pointed to a tree about one hundred yards away. "Now, do you see that tree?" he pleaded. "It is a wonderful tree. Won't you please take a walk and see what kind of blossoms it has? Don't be in a hurry to come back."

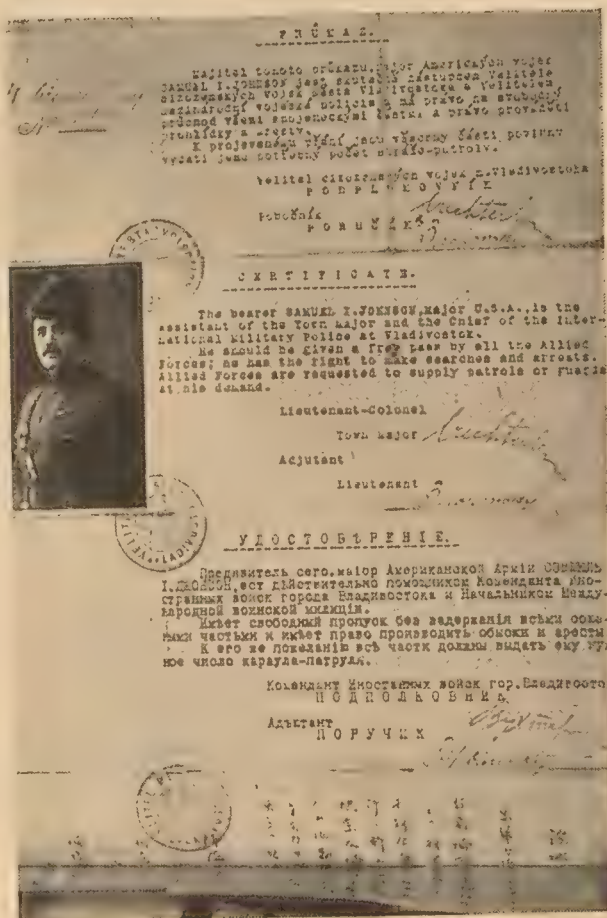
REALIZING the extreme urgency of securing information, the major set forth on a botanical expedition. He returned when the Cossack officer signaled to him, and found that the prisoner had talked. He had revealed that there were nine bandits in all; that they had agreed to separate after the robbery, and meet at an abandoned spot known as Shamara Farm to divide the loot. The bandit, now dying, was placed in some bushes near the road. The party pushed on to the bandit rendezvous.

They reached Shamara Farm in the evening, and after concealing their horses they surrounded the place. It was a cold clear winter night, with a full moon. After watching for two hours they were rewarded by the sight of a man stealthily leaving the farmhouse. They let him go for a short distance, and then two Cossacks brought him back. He was detained as being under suspicion.

Nothing further took place during the night, but about daybreak



General Romanovsky, whose life Major Johnson saved.



Major Johnson's credentials, in part. They were in six languages.



The Czech general Gaida, who began the "Gaida revolution."

the watchers heard the clattering of hoofs. A rider appeared, stabled his horse, and entered the house. He was followed at intervals by others, until eight in all were counted. To judge by the sounds from the farmhouse, they were carousing. After a wait, the prisoner was sent in to tell them it would be best for them to surrender. Their answer was to open fire. The fighting continued until about two o'clock on Friday afternoon, when the bandits hung out a white flag. Although the police had taken cover behind rocks and trees, their casualties were one killed and three wounded. All the bandits had been wounded but none killed.

THE money was recovered intact. The military police loaded the captives on farm wagons, picked up the frozen body of the ninth bandit, and arrived in Vladivostok late Friday evening. The Russian authorities immediately convened a drum-head court-martial. By two o'clock Saturday morning all eight robbers were sentenced, and just before sunrise they were shot.

Early wayfarers were startled to find the nine bodies lying in a row, with a large card at the head of each one bearing his name and criminal record, which ended: "Last crime—attempted to rob the French Bank." Military police that morning visited all places where remarks had been scrawled on placards. They added a few of their own to this effect: "We invite you to look at your comrades opposite the French Bank." Thereafter no crime was committed in Vladivostok for nearly a month.

Then a party of the military police went inspecting small villages adjacent to the city. As Major Johnson and his men arrived at one village they were beset by the terror-stricken inhabitants who said ghostly apparitions had been sighted in the village graveyard and elsewhere. The Russian peasant believes that to see a ghost portends death to the observer or some member of his family.

Major Johnson ordered a few of his men to meet him that night in the graveyard. It was an extremely cold night. The men assembled and lay down in the snow to wait. The village clock chimed twelve. Presently a ghostly figure stalked majestically by and silently disappeared in the ground. This apparition startled most of the watchers, particularly the Cossacks, whose teeth began to chatter. A second spectral figure made its appearance, and a third. Both disappeared as the first had. The chattering of teeth increased in volume.

The major turned to a Cossack who was known as a fearless soldier. "Piotr," he ordered, "come with me." Piotr said, trembling, "Commandant, against machine guns, bullets, and bayonets I will not hesitate, but against ghosts I cannot

move." Corporal Nickovich, an American soldier of Serbian extraction, stepped into the breach. "To hell with the ghosts!" he exploded. "I'll come with you, major!" They advanced cautiously and discovered a large concrete tomb with steps leading underground. From its depths came voices and the clicking of machinery.

Major Johnson blew his whistle, and his men surrounded the tomb. The subterranean sounds stopped at once. The major shouted in Russian, "Hey, you down there! You're surrounded by the International Military Police! Come out with your hands up." There was no response. "If you don't come up after I count five, I'll throw a bomb." The count began. At "four" there came a plea from the depths of the tomb: "Hold on. We're coming up."

Three men in shirt sleeves emerged with their hands aloft. "All out?" queried Johnson. They nodded. "All right," he said; "I'll throw the bomb now." As one man the prisoners begged him not to. One more man was down below. Then the ring-leader emerged, reaching for the sky.

In the tomb the military police found a complete portable plant for making counterfeit money. The prisoners were tried by a Russian field court-martial on two charges: counterfeiting and *scaring the authorities to death*. They were found guilty and shot.

Entering another village, a small detachment of Russian military police found that it had just been sacked by bandits, eight of whom had assaulted a young woman. Without hesitation the police rode into the bandits' camp, bluffed them into believing that they were surrounded, demanded the culprits, and secured them within ten minutes. They were tried on the spot by the Russian authorities. Four were shot, four handed.

ONE night information was received that a badly wanted desperado had ambushed and killed a military policeman in a building frequented by underworld characters. The building was quietly surrounded and searched. One door was found to be locked. An officer handed his automatic to a corporal and threw his weight against the door, which yielded suddenly. The officer tumbled through it, with the corporal at his heels. In a corner was the hunted man, pointing a pistol at the officer. As he fired the officer jumped aside, and the bullet struck the corporal in the leg. The corporal swore. "This bullet doesn't belong to me!" he yelled, and firing over the officer's shoulder, killed the criminal instantly.

A number of Czech and Serbian soldiers mutinied, killed their officers, and prepared to defend themselves. An American major with two American sergeants climbed their barricades and ordered them to follow him. Awed by his audacity, they obeyed. He led them to some military police

and commanded them to surrender, which they did without resistance.

The presence of so many nationalities was in itself a cause of trouble. A Czech soldier was brutally beaten and shot by five Cossack officers. Dying, he identified one of the Cossacks captured by the military police. The other four escaped to their camp. Three members of the military police entered it, placed the fugitives under arrest, and removed them before their comrades had recovered from their surprise.

A field court-martial followed, resulting in one Cossack being sentenced to death and four to fifteen years at hard labor.

THE most severe test of the capabilities of this force took place during the "Gaida Revolution" on November 17 and 18, 1919. Lieutenant General Gaida, a Czech officer serving under Admiral Kolchak, had forsworn allegiance to the Omsk government and laid plans to overthrow it. Gaida was living in and recruiting from an armored train parked near the railroad station, while his opponents of the Kolchak faction kept watch of his activities. Fighting started on the afternoon of November 17 and continued for two days. After three sallies against the railroad station Gaida's men captured it, but were besieged by the Kolchak forces. The International Military Police were ready. With 4,000 men under arms, they surrounded the combatants and compelled them to confine their hostilities to the vicinity of the railroad station.

Lieutenant General Romanovsky, the chief of staff of the Kolchak army, was living with his family on a special train parked near the depot. They were unable to escape from it. Major Johnson and police of several nationalities made four trips through rifle, machine-gun, and shell fire to bring noncombatants out of the fighting zone. They saved twelve men, eighteen women, and six children, including General Romanovsky and his family. In performing this act of humanity the major had a hand-to-hand combat with a Red sentry guarding General Romanovsky's car. The major's heroism won him the Cross of St. George, the highest Russian decoration for valor.

When the "revolution" started the jail contained 1,460 criminals of the worst order. The jail keepers had left their posts. Major Johnson quelled an outbreak among the inmates, who were howling like savages as they strove to free themselves.

An end must come to all things human. It dawned upon Washington that the war was over, and this forgotten A. E. F. was recalled from Siberia, the last units leaving on April 1, 1920. Other Allied forces followed the American withdrawal. This caused the disbanding of the International Military Police, following which Vladivostok reverted to chaos.

THE END

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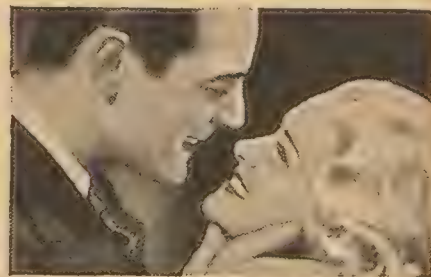
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Did You Read
"THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN BICYCLE"
in Liberty Last Week? Here Is
Another of these Startling Real-Life
Stories

The MYSTERY of the Dancing Shoes

By EDMUND
PEARSON

(Reading time: 16 minutes 50 seconds.)

HER name was Mary Ashford; she was twenty years old and unusually pretty. On a morning in May she left her uncle's house at Langley Heath for a holiday, to end with a club dance in the evening. Her father and grandfather lived in near-by villages, but Mary acted as housekeeper for her uncle, a man named Coleman.

She had relatives and friends in two or three neighboring towns—especially Hannah Cox, the girl with whom she was going to the dance.

Mary Ashford in her summer dress, with a scarlet jacket and a straw hat with ribbons, set out early for her friend's house. She carried in a bundle a white muslin dress and white stockings for the dance. These she left at the house of Hannah Cox, who lived with her mother in Erdington. Then she went on into Birmingham to attend to some errands for her uncle.

At six o'clock in the evening she was back at Erdington, and the two girls dressed for the party. Mary Ashford's costume was completed by a pair of white shoes which Hannah had bought for her that day. An hour or two later they started along the Chester Road for a wayside inn called Tyburn House, about two miles distant. A local club was accustomed to hold its dances and parties at this place. The dance had already begun when the girls arrived.

From the first Hannah Cox seemed not to have a good time. Either the young men did not exactly flock around her, or else the ones who did were rather familiar. There was a great deal of beer at the party, and these were days



Illustrated by DELOS PALMER

when beer was five or six times as powerful as the thin drink which now passes for it. After a young fellow had had a few mugs of it he was a little frisky and might look for trouble.

Hannah was not seen to dance more than once or twice. Mary Ashford, however, had a great success. A young man named Abraham Thornton quickly picked her out for attention. He was about twenty-four, a big heavy-set fellow, and rather conspicuous in the neighborhood as the son of a man with property. Most of the men were farm laborers or farmers' sons.

Thornton noticed Mary Ashford as soon as she came into the room, and said: "Who's that girl?"

Some one told him that it was old man Ashford's daughter. What Thornton replied is in dispute, and whether he said anything more rests on the statement of one man, a farmer named John Cooke. At any rate, Cooke afterward declared that Thornton boasted that he knew Mary Ashford's sister; that he accompanied this with a wink and remarks to the effect that he knew her very intimately indeed. And he added—so said Cooke—that he intended to make a similar conquest of Mary.

He certainly crossed the ballroom floor and asked Mary to dance. She appeared to be pleased; they danced again and again, and spent most of the evening together.

By eleven o'clock, with the night still young and the dance not half over, Miss Cox began to say she wanted to go home. She was going outside to sit on the bridge with Ben Carter; would Mary come and join them? And Mary, whirling round with young Thornton, smiled and said she would—in a minute or two.

He knew Thornton, bade him good morning, and received a civil reply. The girl held her head down so as not to be recognized.



Hannah and Benjamin sat on the bridge twenty minutes or half an hour. Ben went back to the tavern; returned and said that Mary and Thornton were still dancing but promised to come soon. This time they kept the promise, and all four young people set out along the dark road.

Benjamin left them after a while, convinced that Thornton was big enough to see both girls home. He went back to the dance. The point where he left them was another roadside tavern, the Old Cuckoo. They did not stop for rest and refreshment.

ABOUT halfway home there was a crossroads where Bell Lane, which led to Hannah Cox's house, left the Chester Road. And here lived Mary Ashford's grandfather. That young lady, suddenly seized with granddaughterly affection, decided that she ought to spend the night at his house.

"Besides," she said, "it will be nearer for me to go home in the morning."

So it would. But how about her clothes and her Birmingham purchases, which were at the Coxes' house?

Hannah did not even ask. Mr. Thornton was still hovering around Mary, and it was plain that the two were determined to get rid of her. It was probably about midnight when she gloomily said "Good night" and walked down Bell Lane alone. As she went to bed she doubtless reflected that some girls have all the luck.

At four o'clock in the morning she was awakened by Mary Ashford knocking at the door. She had come for her clothes and her small packages. Hannah came down-

stairs and stood looking on while Mary hurriedly changed her white stockings for black and her party gown for her day dress. She was calm and quite cheerful, although much concerned to get back to her uncle's. He needed her help, as it was market day. She had slept, she said, at grandfather's.

"Where is the new beau?" asked Hannah. "Where is Mr. Thornton?"

"Oh, he stayed round a good bit, but he's gone home now."

For some reason, probably because she was in such haste, she left her black walking boots in her bundle and started along the road in her white dancing shoes.

She vanished from Hannah's sight, a solitary girl going home from a rustic dance—to reappear, a few hours later, the most celebrated woman in England.

HER route led her back to the cross-roads where her grandfather lived, and then on to Penn's Mill Lane, a little north of the Chester Road and parallel to it. Here she would naturally turn to the right toward her uncle's house in Langley.

Along by Penn's Mill Lane, but walking in the fields beside it for the sake of a short cut, there came at six o'clock that morning a laborer named George Jackson. There were two or three pits in these fields, filled or partly filled with water. One of these had steep and slippery sides and was surrounded by five or six trees. On the edge of this pit Jackson found a bundle, a woman's straw hat, and a

pair of white shoes.

To him this meant an accident. He found a cottager; the alarm was given; and then Jackson, whose curiosity must have been slight, went on to his work.

A number of men gathered round the pit; one brought a rake, to which he tied some long reins. This he cast into the water, and twice dragged the pool. At the third trial a woman's body was pulled up. It was recognized as Mary Ashford's.

Some men began to examine the ground near by, and in an adjoining field, freshly plowed and harrowed, found what they decided was an explanation of the tragedy.

There were the footsteps of a man and woman, now walking and—so they judged—now running. The crossing of the tracks and the manner in which they wound about suggested to these investigators that the woman was trying to escape by dodging. There was the track of the same man—running away from the spot. Near the edge of the pit they saw the single print of a man's left foot turned sidewise, as if he had been throwing something into the water. From these and from other marks and signs of a struggle these amateur detectives arrived at a decision that Mary Ashford had been pursued, caught, criminally assaulted, and murdered.

The year before, only a dozen miles away, a dairymaid had suffered that fate. Her body had been found in a pond. A young shepherd had been hanged. So it was not strange that the neighbors were quick to set out after this offender. No one seems to have had any doubt as to the name of the guilty man.

Daniel Clarke, landlord of Tyburn House, knew about

Mary Ashford's most favored partner at the dance. He constituted himself a sort of sheriff and rode off toward Castle Bromwich, where Thornton worked in the employ of his father. Halfway he met Thornton, also riding, and coming toward the inn and in the general direction of the scene of Mary Ashford's death. His manner was casual and unconcerned.

Said Clarke: "What became of the young woman that went away with you from my house last night?"

Thornton did not answer promptly, and the landlord continued:

"She has been murdered and thrown into a pit!"

"Murdered!" exclaimed Thornton. "Why, I was with her till four o'clock this morning."

"Well," Clarke returned, "you had better come with me and clear yourself."

And Thornton replied, "I can soon do that."

At the inn he confided to Clarke that his ardent love-making had met with no opposition from Mary. He insisted that nothing had taken place to which she did not consent, and that he was guilty of no crime whatever.

HE signed a statement before a magistrate. It was that he and Mary Ashford had spent the remaining hours of darkness, after midnight, in the fields and lanes not far from her grandfather's house. Toward four o'clock he had accompanied her part way to Erdington, had waited a while for her to leave Hannah's, but had given it up and gone home. He told his route and named various people whom he had met.

The story which he told at first was the one to which he adhered to the end. He always admitted the act of intimacy which had occurred, and asserted that he saw Mary last when she entered Hannah Cox's house.

The autopsy was inconclusive. Death was apparently due to drown-

ing. On the surgeon's evidence, the question of a criminal assault might be argued either affirmatively or in the negative. Nothing disproved Thornton's statement.

Mary's white shoes and Thornton's boots had been fitted into the tracks in the harrowed field. The investigators were quite satisfied, although the work was done after a shower had blurred the footprints and many people had trodden the earth. Owing to grass, there was only one print in the field which contained the pit: that mark of a man's shoe on the edge of the pool. This they assumed to be Thornton's, and did not test it.

Public opinion was red-hot against the prisoner. He must already have been an unpopular man.

We are often shown in the moving-picture theaters how easy it is to railroad an innocent man to the gallows. We are seldom shown how hard it is—as a matter of sober fact—to send even a guilty man to execution. We are not often shown the real truth—that an innocent man nine times out of ten can show that he is innocent. And the other time he can throw enough doubt on his guilt so that no jury will convict.

Here was Thornton, not of too good reputation, plausibly accused of a crime which makes people clamor for the blood of some one—usually the first man to be arrested.

Mary Ashford became nationally famous. Sermons and plays were written about her. The Rev. Dr. Booker devoted himself to avenging her. He wrote an affecting inscription for her tomb, "as a warning to Female Virtue, and a humble monument to Female Chastity," since "having incautiously repaired to a Scene of Amusement without proper protection," she "was brutally violated and murdered." The reverend gentleman further adorned the stone with a poem which included the lines:

Mary! the Wretch who thee remorseless slew
Avenging wrath, which sleeps not, will pursue.

As for the Wretch himself, he remained in jail until his trial in August. Many other personages besides Dr. Booker were determined that he should choke in a noose.

When the prosecution developed their case, it appeared that their theory was this: Thornton, during the hours between twelve and four, had failed to make good his boast in regard to Mary. So he waited for her when she went to Hannah Cox's house, chased her through the fields alongside Penn's Mill Lane, caught her, committed the assault, and threw her, while insensible, into the pool.

The crown witnesses showed that one other besides Hannah had seen the man and girl together, and others had seen Mary by herself. John Hompidge took a girl home from the dance. Toward three o'clock, he saw Thornton and a girl sitting on a stile near Bell Lane. He knew Thornton, bade him good morning, and received

a civil reply. The girl held her head down so as not to be recognized.

Two or three laborers, going early to their work, saw Mary on her way to and from Hannah's house. This was between three and four thirty, and in that latitude it was already light. She was at all these times alone—no man in sight. Here, then, if no corroboration of Thornton's story, was nothing to dispute it. One man saw her—still alone—at about four thirty, near the crossroads and within five hundred yards of the field where the attack was supposed to have taken place.

The defense was simply an alibi. Thornton could not have killed the girl because he was not there at the time. Mary was alive and still some distance from the place of her death as late as four thirty. Very well. Thornton produced eight witnesses who saw him on his way home between four thirty and five fifteen. He was on the route which he had named.

This was not a defense prepared long after his arrest: it was in keeping with his first account. His witnesses were people of good reputation. They saw him at different points, and some of them talked with him. Not all of them noted the time, but their stories fitted and made a complete and consistent narrative.

The judge charged the jury "well to consider whether it was possible for the pursuit to have taken place, and all the circumstances connected with it, and for the prisoner to have reached Holden's house, a distance of nearly three miles and a half, in so short a time—a period of not more than twenty minutes."

THE jury put their heads together without leaving the box, and talked for six minutes. Then they reported Thornton "Not guilty" of murder. The government instantly nol-prossed the charge of criminal assault, and Thornton—for the time—went free.

The local Sherlocks and the Rev. Dr. Booker and many others were highly indignant. They muttered that bribery was at the bottom of it all. They would have vengeance yet. And famous and still more famous grew the case.

An ingenious lawyer remembered an ancient statute. When people were dissatisfied with a verdict of acquittal, and the blood of the innocent victim still cried from the ground, it was possible to invoke an old custom called the "appeal of murder." The heirs at law of the murdered person could cause the arrest of the accused and bring him again to trial.

And so William Ashford, Mary's brother and heir at law, was induced to make the complaint, and Thornton found himself again in jail.

The only trouble with the ingenious lawyer was that he failed to follow through. The "appeal of murder" was all right; it was still the law. But the answer to it was the "wage of battle," or trial by combat. If the accused man chose to fight, actually to

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stand up to the complainant, the thing had to be settled that way. There was no doubt. The Lord Chief Justice and other bewigged personages, keeping their faces perfectly straight, said that it was so.

This should be the way of it: A piece of ground would be set out, sixty feet square, with a court erected on one side for the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who should wear their scarlet robes. Into the lists should then come, after proclamation, William Ashford and Abraham Thornton, each armed with a baton or staff an ell long, tipped with horn. Each should also have a four-cornered leather shield. Both should be bare-headed and in bare feet, dressed alike, but Thornton with his head shaved.

Thornton then, taking the Bible in his right hand and holding the hand of Ashford in his left, should say:

"Hear this, O man whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself William by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Abraham by the name of baptism, did *not* feloniously murder thy sister, Mary by name, nor am any way guilty of the said felony. So help me God and the saints; and this I will defend against thee by my body, as this court shall award."

To which, Ashford should reply:

"Hear this, O man whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself Abraham by the name of baptism, that thou art perjured, because that thou feloniously *didst* murder my sister, Mary by name. So help me God and the saints; and this I will prove against thee by my body, as this court shall award."

Next William and Abraham should both repeat this oath:

"Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day neither ate, drank, nor have upon me either bone, stone, or grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased or the law of the devil exalted. So help me God and His saints!"

THEN they should both go to it with their staves tipped with horn, and fight till the stars appeared in the evening. But if Thornton before then were so far vanquished that he could or would fight no longer, he should be hanged immediately. If he killed Ashford or kept up the battle until starlight, he was acquitted.

When Ashford and his lawyers realized that this was the law, they had cold feet. For Ashford was a slight and timid youth, not in the class with the big and sturdy Thornton.

All this was revealed in Westminster Hall. When the persecuted Thornton was called to the bar and asked to plead, he replied:

"Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body."

Then he drew upon his left hand one of a pair of gauntlets, and threw the other upon the floor of the court.

William Ashford did not pick it up. The judges and lawyers discharged Thornton for the second time. The House of Commons abolished the appeal of murder and trial by combat.

Thornton was hounded into leaving the country. He came to America, where he lived, it is said, for more than forty years. He married, he prospered, and he died—so it is believed—in Baltimore.

WHAT had happened in the early hours of that spring morning? For many years it was still believed that everything charged against Thornton was true. Did he really make the remark reported by Cooke as to his intentions about Mary Ashford? The man to whom it was said to have been addressed was never produced to corroborate Cooke. Thornton may have made the boast and still not have been guilty of the crime. But the remark sounds like a result of mistaken memory or sheer invention.

Did the men who found the body read the footprints correctly? The best opinion, I think, is that many of the prints were really those of the man and the girl but the pursuit and capture might have been imagined.

Did Mary meet some other man after Thornton left her, and was he the unknown murderer? None was ever seen and, so far as appears, no one else was ever suspected. Did she kill herself? That theory has been urged; but Hannah Cox saw nothing in her manner to suggest despair, and one of the men who exchanged greetings with her in Bell Lane noticed that she was cheerful.

The late Sir John Hall, Bart., points to Mary's white dancing shoes, together with the bundle and hat, on the edge of the pit. If her inanimate form had been carried from the next field, how account for the presence of these?

Would it not be reasonable for her, tired and travel-stained, to stop by the pool? Perhaps to wash her face and hands, or to rest. She would wish to change back to her walking boots. When her body was recovered she was wearing no shoes at all.

Tired, and rather faint from hunger and her long day and night of walking and dancing, she would, conceivably, lean over the water's edge, lose her balance, and be drowned. She could have had no slightest notion, as she struggled there, that the accident was to excite the entire nation and alter the laws of her country.

Another real-life murder mystery will be narrated by Mr. Pearson in an early issue.

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ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 24

Mirror



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Your recent editorials have inspired thousands of discouraged citizens and pepped them up to a state of active interest in this wonderful effort at Reconstruction.—*E. C. L. Morse.*

"HAPPY DAYS," PRO AND CON

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—I just want to say I enjoy Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Dall's jolly little Happy Days page. Holding the title of editor of a twelve-page tabloid in the noted film city of Culver City leaves me little time for reading the things I really enjoy most. However, time, flood, nor feuds keep me from snatching five minutes or so of precious time to read her page. I am always sorry to come to "30."

Fourth estaters, no matter how they protest that life is hurried, sometimes jangled out of tune, are happy creatures, and the title for Mrs. Dall's page is appropriate and suggestive of the great man, her father, who, like other members of the Roosevelt family, seems to have that something which shines out through clear panes. No darkened windows in the Roosevelt family. And I find time to try out some of the excellent recipes.

I am a native of Paducah, Kentucky, and, like all Southerners, like good food.—*Nell Lanier Garrett.*

MONTEREY, CALIF.—I noted one big truth in the article by Mrs. Dall in Liberty of July 29. That paragraph where she stated she didn't wholly approve of several members of a family attending the same school. How terribly, tragically true I found it in my school days! My sister was two years younger than I. Owing to a long illness I had, she caught up with me. I was never allowed to forget it for a minute. The reason was discounted completely. My school life was a hell on earth. Result was I hated high school and cut classes till I was put on the carpet. The principal was an understanding type of man. He went to my parents and persuaded them to separate my sister and myself in school life. My hate dissolved almost overnight and my later school-day memories are very happy and were very profitable in every way.—*Helen Moore.*

LEBANON, PA.—We are sorry to see you waste a page of your very interesting little magazine on such a dull contributor as Anna Roosevelt Dall repeatedly proves to be.

It is a real let-down from the rest of

each issue, not at all in keeping with your usual requirements.—*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Tillson.*

MORE ABOUT MISS PICKFORD

TAKOMA PARK, D. C.—For a number of weeks it has been in my mind to suggest a new name for Liberty. The new name to be appropriate should be The Bloody Rag!

Liberty's pages for months have been reeking with the blood of human beings. The Foreign Legion, Tex O'Reilly, and the series by George Beloff are samples demonstrating my contention.

Boys reading these tales of butchery and blood undoubtedly obtain the belief that human life is not to be regarded as sacred.

Like a breath from heaven, however, is Mary Pickford's article in Liberty of August 26. Reading it created in my mind kindlier feelings toward Liberty. Being director of a boys' club, I had the boys read Mary's article, and I believe it was thoroughly enjoyed by the youngsters. Less bloodthirstiness and more of faith as expressed by America's Sweetheart will, I believe, be appreciated by the majority of Liberty readers.—*John N. Quinn.*

THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS—In Liberty of August 26, Why I Can Be Happy, by Mary Pickford, is the most uplifting and inspiring article I ever read. After reading it five times I have purchased ten copies of your valuable magazine and placed them with friends who need such a treatment. I read and enjoy Liberty, a well named publication, but from now on with even greater joy, for I will think of Mary Pickford and right thinking.—*Colonel Will H. Brown.*

ALFRED, N. Y.—I only hope we have 128,000,000 people in these United States like Mary Pickford.—*Sydney Oscar Sancomb.*

IS THIS A KNOCK OR A BOOST?

SEATTLE, WASH.—As usual I am a steady reader of Liberty, but don't be swelled up about it. Liberty is but a small amount of my reading in keeping up with literature, good and bad, of the past and present.—*Bob McIntyre.*

THAT WAS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF NEW FATHER BROWN STORIES

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I sincerely hope you will treat your reading public to more of G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories. His inimitable paradoxical plots; suggestive of probable bizarre conclusions to his stories, are sharply contrasted with the simplicity of character and speech of Father Brown, whose simple wisdom sees only the self-evident, rather than the *outré* explana-

tions which are universally used in our present-day detective fiction.

May the story The Five Fugitives in the August 26 issue be the first of a long series (the longer the better) of stories by the Prince of Paradox.—*J. H. Bauer.*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CANTON, OHIO—The artist who drew Father Brown was not very successful. Why not copy more after the pictorial Father Brown with which many of us are very well acquainted? His long coat, his broad hat, his short figure, his umbrella made him a familiar figure, but your Father Brown does not fit in.—*The Rev. E. P. Graham.*

IT WAS DESIGNED TO MAKE YOU THINK

JACKSON, MISS.—May I comment briefly on Fred Collins's Laugh, Town Laugh? Although I do not care so much for the Jimmy Walker part, especially the style in which Mr. Collins puts it, I do think the article is grand for his historical awakening, shall we say? We all knew these things happened, but it has been a long time since any of us have thought about them. Many have never thought about them in the extraordinary way that Mr. Collins puts it.

As stated before, I do not like the style in which the article is written. I think it should have been done unprejudiced and left to the reader's own judgment. I especially disliked that war scene. I think it is generally conceded that if we all had stayed home the whole world would have been a damn' sight better off.—*Wm. H. Davis.*

NOT TEN YEARS, BERNICE; WE'RE NOT THAT OLD

CHICAGO, ILL.—I bought my first Liberty ten years or so ago—when I was seven. Rather young, I'll admit, but I suppose the cover attracted me. I'm still buying Liberty. The cover may have something to do with it—I like pitty pitchers—but it's the contents that interest me now. Everything about this magazine is good. What other weekly publication appeals to every member of the average American family? I'm not asking you; I'm telling you. None.

Pretty Sadie McKee is a fine serial. I wish it were longer. Happy Days and To the Ladies! are always interesting. But the best thing in Liberty, in my opinion, are the clever captions you put over the Vox Pop letters.—*Bernice Silvermann.*

THE COLLEGE, DOROTHY

ST. JOSEPH, MICH.—My daddy is a college graduate and has participated in every contest since Liberty was first conceived, but he has never won a prize. Is it the fault of the college or Liberty?—*Dorothy Grainger.*



A CHEER FOR JAY FRANKLIN

BILOXI, MISS.—You can't please all the Vox Poppers, as they are a terrible bunch of critics, but why not give the old boy Jay Franklin a big hand once in a while for his interesting and educational articles?—*John A. Becnel.*

BLUSHES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We are members of a sorority and our ages range from 16 to 18. We have just read the article *Blushes Are in Style Again* by Roberta M. Yates in the September 2 issue and we resent being called prigs. We have not the reputation of being wild. We are merely normal young girls who are out for a good time.

We have never read an article with so little truth in it. The author has absolutely no knowledge of modern youth. We seldom come in from a date before 12 o'clock. We don't object to boys drinking moderately and as to our parents drinking—well, it is none of our business.

Please remember that we are considered nice girls by everyone who knows us.

In closing we request that you print no more articles of this nature as it gives our elders the wrong impression of us.—*Majel Freer.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—At last someone has come to my rescue. Namely Roberta M. Yates. Just finished her article, *Blushes Are in Style Again*. I'm one of this younger crowd that is going back to blushes. I admit I've tried the flaming youth too, but that's out! Give us some more articles like that. By the way, 3.2 has done more for us than anything I know. We used to drink bathtub gin too, but now a glass of beer, a sandwich, and a dance or two, and we've had a swell evening with no bad results.—*J. M. Hackett.*

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—All I've got to say about *Blushes Are in Style Again* in *Liberty* for September 2 is that you ought to see my daughter.

She wears so much paint that you cannot tell whether she is blushing or not.—*Mrs. B. Coster.*

WHAT, NO SERIALS?

WEST NEWTON, MASS.—Your magazine has been read by me for over five years. I am afraid, however, that it will be discontinued if you keep printing so many serials.

So if you still want my five cents cut out the serials and foolish articles (not the sensible ones) and give us good short stories.—*Leslie G. Barton.*

WELL, GOOD THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES, YOU KNOW

AZTEC, N. M.—I got interested in reading the story *May Day* by Mabel

McElliott Clarke in your August 26 issue, and it turned out to be only two pages long. What the heck? It was too good to be so short. Anyway, I enjoyed it.—*E. F. H.*

UP TRIPS, CHICKENS; DOWN TRIPS, LIBERTYS, EH?

WHEELING, W. VA.—I am chief engineer of steamer *Liberty* in the Pittsburgh and Charleston trade. They call us the chicken boat because every week the year around on up trips we have an average of 400 coops of chickens, 4,000 cases of eggs, 75 calves, and other miscellaneous freight. Down trips we have groceries, hardware, and miscellaneous freight and you can always find at least five copies of *Liberty* on board. About 265 miles on Ohio River, 58 miles on Kanawha River. This is how I class *Liberty Magazine*.—*Mason Thomas.*

CRITIQUE

TULSA, OKLA.—Why don't you get some more good stories like *Hell Hounds* and *Born to Raise Hell*? The only good story so far was *Still Alive*. Pretty Sadie McKee wasn't worth snapping your fingers at and turning the page.—*B. R.*

JUST A PLOT

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Hey, fellers, I just found out why *Contents* column was placed on our page. I picked up my *Liberty* and started looking for the *Contents* column to see what was listed, and looked and looked. Finally I came to *Contents* and in looking them over found I had read everything in *Liberty* before finding what page *Contents* was on. It's a good scheme to get us to read *Liberty* in its entirety.—*J. P. Glenn.*

THEY MUST KEEP THE BACK NUMBERS IN SASKATOON

SASKATOON, SASK.—I noted that you have discontinued your *Bright Sayings*. The aged and decrepit (the right people consider neither fit subjects for mirth) yarns being put over on you were discarded by Adam's children. F'rinstance that one about the cat pulling its tail, said tail being firmly gripped by the hand of Junior So-and-so; and then that other one covering a coupla hits, He hit me; I hit the ground. Ye gods, call those original!

The only bewhiskered one you failed to bite on was coined by Adam himself (I have this on good authority) and it runs about as follows:

FOND PAPA: Junior, will you have a bun?

JUNIOR: No.

F. P.: No what?

J.: No bun.

What's that? Well, yes, I did submit a few good ones, but I expect they were lost in the mails.—*L. L. Sullivan.*

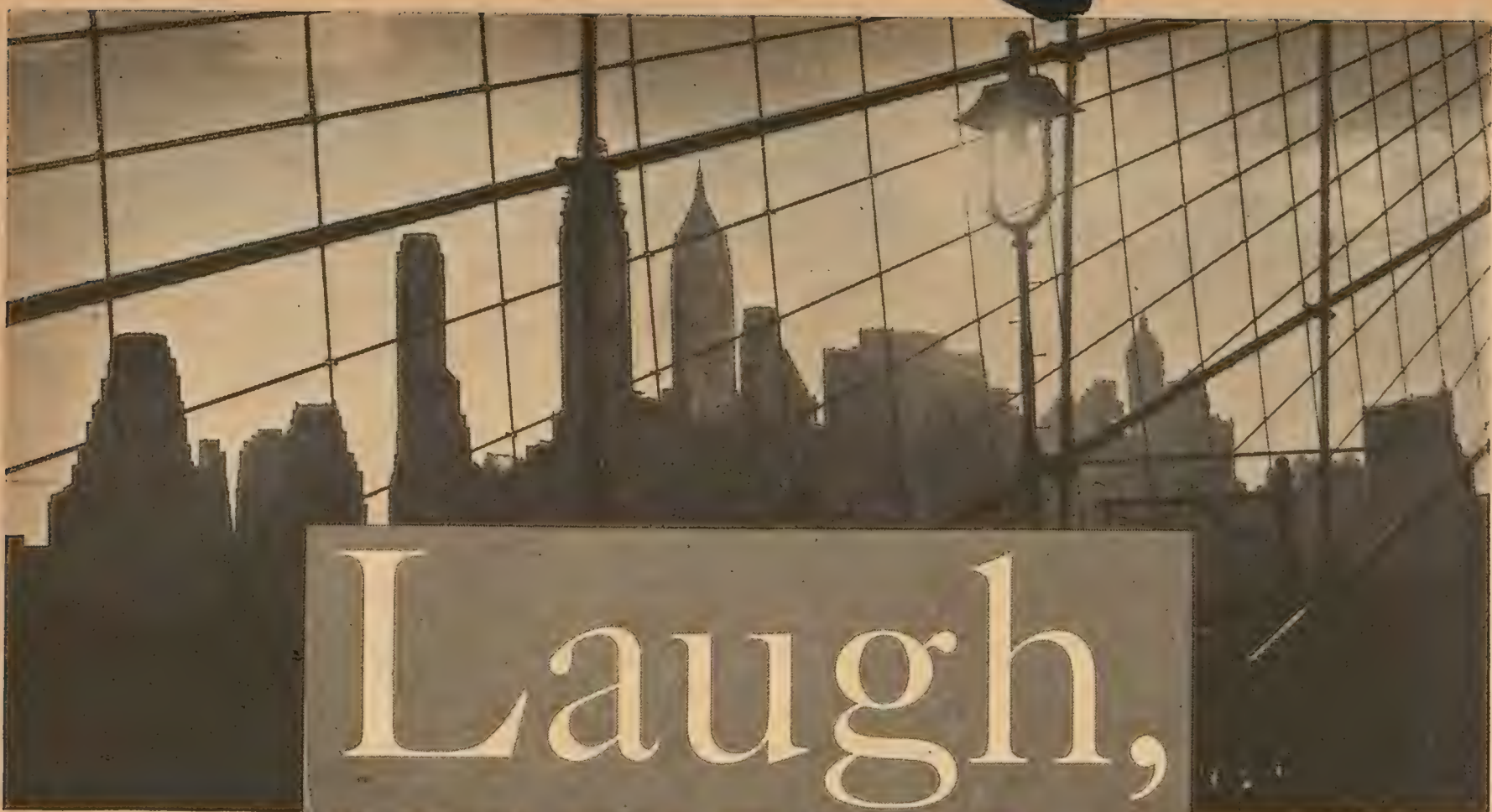
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Laugh, TOWN Laugh!

(Reading time:
23 min. 45 sec.)

MR. COLLINS' narrative has now brought Mayor Jimmy to the height of his world-wide vogue. He has been abroad, with "Allie," his wedded wife, and has captivated pretty nearly everybody. Returning, he has clowned it at the Mardi Gras Carnival in New Orleans, kidded Hollywood, treated the President of the United States to a sample of his celebrated tardiness. He has also taken to living in a style that is away beyond his salaried means—and he has met Betty Compton, the beautiful Broadway show-girl who is today the second Mrs. Jimmy.

By **F R E D E R I C K L .
C O L L I N S**

**A Playboy's Angels—Rothstein Dies—
Al Smith Takes It on the Chin—Reëlected**

PART SEVEN--HIS HONOR AND HIS FRIENDS

IT is certainly a tribute to the faith which Jimmy had inspired that the great majority of his fellow citizens were to believe him when he said:

"Since the day of my birth I have lived my life in the open. Whatever shortcomings I have are known to everyone—but disloyalty to my native city, official dishonesty or corruption form no part of these shortcomings."

Nevertheless he did have to have money. And the thing he did to get it was characteristic of him. As a boy he had been content to live, long after most young men are earning money and raising a family, on the bounty of his not-too-rich father. As a young politician he had been glad to take vest-pocket political nominations and fat legal appointments. It is not surprising that he

was now willing to live on the beneficences of those friends who could support him in the style to which he was rapidly becoming accustomed.

Bill Kenny, whose private car was always at the mayor's disposal for his nation-wide jaunts, was an intimate friend of Governor Smith. That fact alone, to most New Yorkers, was sufficient guarantee that Old Man Kenny's interest in the mayor was friendly, even fatherly, and, as such, safe.

To Jimmy, open-handed millionaire friends were a god-send. Arthur Cleveland (Blumey) Blumenthal was the last

of his patrons. How Blumey got the mayor away from the next-to-last one, a publisher with a ten-year-old son, nobody knows. In the meantime the ten-year-old son had proved useful. He it was who—at least, according to his father—was the first in their family to observe what everybody else in the city knew: that the mayor wasn't living within his income.

As for Blumey, he is a little man who achieved a fortune by buying up Western movie theaters and selling them to William Fox, then turned toward New York City and fame.

His first step was to hire gray-shocked Harry Reichenbach, king of press agents, who taught him a good deal. "In his pre-Reichenbach days," records Alva Johnston, Blumey's biographer, "he closed a fifty-million-dollar deal in a one-minute conversation in a taxicab and kept

THE PRIVATE LIFE



quiet about it; today the saying is that he shoots off a cannon every time he spends ten dollars." But the little Los Angeles realtor never really made the front page until he "made" Jimmy Walker.

According to Mr. Johnston, "Mayor Walker called him 'Junior,' because Blumey, although about forty years old, holds his youth well enough to be mistaken for an adolescent in his first long pants. 'If you don't behave yourself,' the mayor used to threaten, 'I'll send you back to military academy.' Blumey, however, was soon the premier of Walker's nocturnal cabinet. He became the mayor's chief stooge and the mayor's chief counselor."

Of these benefactors, Blumey probably gave least and expected most.

He didn't believe in benefactions. To be sure, he sometimes made a small loan to a celebrity.

It is recorded that Jimmy "was worked to skin and bones in the interest of Blumey's designs. Jimmy's cajoling talents were employed in one case to induce a famous actress to cancel a contract and accept a new one which cut her earnings by eighty per cent."

Well, there you are, the Mayor of New York and the men who so lavishly befriended him! It is not a pretty picture—not even the Blumenthal sequence, in which he at least sang for his supper.

Certain of the earlier reels became, when exposed later on, fairly nauseating. The Kenny and other incidents, taken by themselves, were nothing; the Blumey sequences, little more than comic relief; but it is possible neither to laugh off nor to forget the quarter of a million dollars of a "joint account" that the Mayor of New York stuck away in his safe.

However, nobody knew about it except a few brokers'



The elegant Jimmy swears in the even more elegant Grover A. Whalen as New York's police commissioner.

U. & U. News photo

Keystone View photos
Above: Left, John F. Curry, whom Jimmy and the boys made Tammany chieftain despite Al.

Center: Ex-Congressman F. H. La Guardia. Jimmy defeated him for mayor. He is running again.

Right: Judge George W. Olvany. He was Tammany chieftain, Al's choice, until he was frozen out.

clerks and the benefactor, and probably nobody ever would have known if the Honorable Jimmy had confined his personal financial transactions to his personal friends. But in his great need he was not so choosy as he might have been about the men he allowed to do him

monetary favors. Kenny was a lifelong friend; another benefactor was an old acquaintance; a third was a generous patron; Blumenthal was a publicity seeker. But Mr. J. A. Sisto of the brokerage firm of J. A. Sisto & Co. was a marketer of taxicab stocks, and as such a seeker of taxicab favors from the city.

JIMMY should have known better than to take \$26,000 from Sisto—a man whom he had never seen but once, just as he should have known better than to take \$10,000 from J. Allan Smith, trustee of the "promotion fund" of the Equitable bus company, whose franchise Jimmy had personally railroaded into being—Smith, a man whom Jimmy, if you can believe his own statement, had never seen.

That he should have done so was due not alone to what we might call the extreme receptivity of his nature—but also to an almost inevitable callousness which he had acquired by years of association with the perverted standards of Tammany Hall.

As a young assemblyman Jimmy had not hesitated to take legal employment from packing corporations in cases involving his influence as a Tammany lawyer with Tammany-controlled city departments. As a state senator he

O F J I M M Y W A L K E R

had not hesitated to take legal employment from movie associations which were continually seeking his influence as a legislator. As mayor he apparently did not hesitate, when the occasion arose, as it did in the Equitable bus matter, to take not legal employment but a \$10,000 letter of credit which, it was later proved, was paid for by a man who was actively engaged in seeking a franchise which he by his own drastic action had just made possible.

The question of whether Jimmy knew where this money came from or merely took it without asking its source may make some difference in our final estimate of his character, but it made no difference in the position in which the Honorable Jimmy soon found himself. In taking this \$10,000, and the \$26,000 in bonds from Sisto, minor sums in the total amount of his "beneficences," he had stepped out of the camp of his friends and exposed himself recklessly, perhaps irretrievably, to the fire of his enemies.

Of course at the moment it didn't seem to anyone—least of all to Jimmy—that he had any enemies. He was still the most popular mayor New York had ever had, perhaps the most popular man in public life.

On the stump Jimmy Walker had promised to give the city the same kind of administration that Al Smith would give it. And the city had believed him.

Few thought that he would display the same mastery of the intricate problems of government which Smith had displayed at Albany; but all felt that Al would see to it that Jimmy fulfilled that promise.

Some went even further. They took the view that Smith, in vouching for Walker, had pledged himself and, more or less, his own political future that Walker's conduct of municipal affairs would be honest, efficient, and successful. The governor had, according to a close observer, "given a hostage to fortune in the person of Mayor Walker. Both men understand this clearly."

That Al understood it there is little doubt. The commissioner of police in New York City is no ordinary cop. Of all the appointed officials in the city government, he alone is known to the man in the street. Every murder, every robbery, every change in the traffic regulations, every enforcement or nonenforcement of the laws under which the average citizen lives and conducts his business brings the commissioner prominently into the public light. Men who have occupied this position—Theodore Roosevelt, Bill Devery, Theodore Bingham, Arthur Woods—have achieved a fame often equal or superior to that of the men who appointed them.

AL was determined that Jimmy's police commissioner should be above suspicion. So he gave him George McLaughlin.

McLaughlin had been Al's superintendent of banks in the days when banks in New York State were superintended. He had had no political experience and didn't want any. He had been drafted by the governor because of his fitness for the banking job. He was drafted again because the governor knew he had the courage which is required of an honest police commissioner. And Jimmy took him.

The boys at the Hall made wry faces. But the wryness was directed at the governor, not at the mayor. As a matter of fact, McLaughlin's arrival at Police Headquarters marked the beginning of the split between Tammany and its most famous son.

"He's made two very serious mistakes, Al has," groaned one of the old guard. "He moved away from

Oliver Street and he made Jimmy Walker appoint that guy McLaughlin."

When McLaughlin began raiding district leaders' clubs where gambling games were going on, the storm broke. Jimmy didn't do anything about it. He didn't wish to risk a break with Albany by demanding McLaughlin's resignation. But when it came—as it did suddenly in the spring of 1927—he managed to hold back the tears.

So did people generally. McLaughlin was one of those strong men who confuse tact with weakness and refuse to have anything to do with either. He had impressed the citizenry without endearing himself to them.

Jimmy appointed his friend Joe Warren to succeed McLaughlin. The only thing the public knew about Joe wasn't so: that he had been Mayor Walker's law partner. As we have already seen, Jimmy never had a law partner, and he never had much law. But Joe Warren *was* an old friend of the mayor. He was not a district leader. Diligent search failed to reveal anything wrong with his character or record. Smith, if not hilarious, could find no good reason for kicking.

THUS Jimmy had freed himself in this all-important matter from Albany dictation, had retained at least the outward appearance of civic virtue, and had made himself even more solid with his friends in the Hall.

Then Rothstein died, died without squealing, of a bullet in his intestines.

The period between McLaughlin's resignation in the spring of 1927 and Rothstein's death in the early winter of 1928 was for Jimmy the most comfortable period of his mayoral career. Such murmurings as there had been were directed at minor officials in the government and at Borough President Connolly of Queens, who found himself at the end of this period in jail.

The members of Jimmy's own official family had, on the surface at least, behaved remarkably well considering that they were chosen neither for merit nor fitness, and considering that there were so many of them. For the mayor's official family, it should be understood, was a large one—about 150,000 in all. Their city-paid salaries amounted to \$268,000,000 a year.

The fat jobs are held chiefly by district leaders and their relatives. In 1932, according to the report of the Civil Service Reform Association, there were 106 leaders and members of their families drawing \$715,000 a year from the city pay roll.

Under Walker the situation in this respect was no better or no worse than it had been under previous Tammany mayors. Al Smith hadn't tried to interfere with this system. So Jimmy had gone right ahead, parceling out these jobs among his friends and the friends of the Hall.

Constructively, the new mayor hadn't accomplished much; but he had managed to obscure the paucity of his accomplishments by the magnificence of his promises and projects.

"Mayor Walker," observed the Nation, "has not remedied conditions, but has covered them up to the mollification of dissenters and the satisfaction of supporters. . . . He has learned to do nothing in a gigantic and fetching way."

It was natural, then, that when the public and the press began to criticize Police Commissioner Warren for not taking more active steps to apprehend the murderer of the gambling king, and the rumor spread that the cause of this inactivity was the alleged fact that the name of

VANISHING AMERICA



It's a long time since you've seen one like this! Chain drive, coal-oil lamps, rakish body lines. It was the first closed car made by Cadillac—probably the first in the country—manufactured in 1904 under supervision of the late Henry M. Leland, then president of the Cadillac company, for his son, Wilfred C. Leland. It was found recently in Kingsville, Ontario, and still runs under its own power.

a high city official was on the murdered man's list of "debtors," Jimmy decided to apply to this new problem the cover-up policy which had so far proved so successful. Suddenly—within a month after the shooting—he replaced Joseph Warren with Grover Whalen.

There was tragedy connected with the passing of Warren. It deepened when, a few months afterward, he died—some said of a broken heart. But one thing is certain: Jimmy had to do something about the situation which developed after Rothstein's death.

Granting the mayor's personal innocence of any connection with the dead man, the furor which swept the public and the press might well result in the overthrow, for a time at least, of the political organization to which he belonged. Warren was no man for such a crisis. There was danger in letting him go, because he had been widely publicized as the mayor's partner and friend. There was greater danger in keeping him—especially if just the right man could be found for the place.

That Grover Whalen was made to order for the job of diverting the public mind from serious thoughts, there could be no question. He was a diverting person, almost as highly dressed as Jimmy himself—and some said far better. Even before Walker came to City Hall, Grover had, by universal consent, become the chairman of the Mayor's Committee on the Reception of Distinguished Guests. As a greeter, as a master of ceremonies, he was almost as well known as the mayor himself.

Perhaps the best way to envisage the quality of the man would be to recall that notable occasion when he went, clad in black waistcoat, down the bay in the official tug Macom to meet Premier Ramsay MacDonald, and appeared on the City Hall steps in an immaculate white one—*having been with the Premier all the time.*

Grover, unlike Jimmy, had always been able to earn the money that he spent. When he gave a party it was a real one, with Vincent Lopez and everything; but he didn't give parties so often as Jimmy, and he was up every morning at six and off for a gallop in the Park.

JIMMY had tried this galloping stuff. Somebody had given him a horse named Cedar King. He wrote a poem about Cedar King, and for a while he struggled out into the Park to ride him; but the suspicion grew that the only times he made the grade at the riding hour in the morning were those times when he had stayed out all night. In fact, one observer was moved to remark that, "The most delightful scene in our town these early spring mornings is Mayor Walker the diner-out merging into Mayor Walker the Central Park equestrian!"

Grover tried—not with great success—to get the taxi drivers to tidy up on uniforms. As to the motorcycle

cops, and even the pedestrian cops; he dressed them like the lilies of the field. Then he decided on a complete Whalenization of traffic.

Of course Grover didn't know anything about traffic control. But in the New York Police Department was a young man named Philip Hoyt, who knows as many different kinds of traffic as there are. Hoyt had long since worked out a plan for solving New York's traffic problems, and was simply waiting for someone with sense enough to put it into effect. Grover took off his boutonniere, studied Phil's plan, and decided that it was good. He had scarcely had time to put on his boutonniere again before it became the Whalen Plan. Within the hour he was announcing to the press when and how he was going to make it work.

A few weeks of Grover Whalen added to the usual Jimmy Walker minstrelsy, and the man in the street had quite forgotten that Arnold Rothstein ever lived. At least it seemed so. It was not surprising, therefore, to find the Honorable Jimmy taking a little "rest" trip to Bermuda.

IT was a notable trip in one respect: For the first time the newspapers openly linked his name with Betty Compton's. "He mysteriously disappeared from City Hall," wrote one scribe, "to arrive back later from Bermuda, triumphant and somewhat embarrassed, with the engaging Betty Compton." Some of the less chivalrous papers went so far as to print the numbers and describe the location of their respective staterooms.

However, Jimmy's popularity at this time was so high that he was able to ride—even the storms of a Bermuda passage. With election day less than six months away, the question was not whether he would be reelected but whether he would choose to run. Almost from the moment he had taken office he had been deluged with offers to "cash in" on his popularity in a commercial way. Several offers of a hundred thousand dollars a year were more or less credibly reported; one of a hundred and fifty thousand; one of two hundred and fifty thousand.

With Jimmy's needs what we know they were, these offers were naturally tempting. In fact, it is thought that he had about decided to accept one of them—probably with his old friends the movie men—when two things happened which spread wide the doors of political opportunity: George W. Olvany resigned as head of Tammany Hall and the Supreme Court of the United States decided the five-cent-fare case in Jimmy Walker's favor.

First off, there may not seem to have been much connection between these two events; but, coming within a few days of each other, they served to send Jimmy Walker to his doom. By which is meant that if Jimmy had disappeared from the political stage at the drop of the curtain on the last act of 1929, he would have remained what

indeed he was: a legendary figure in the glamorous history of the metropolis.

It is a continuing temptation to compare the Honorable Jimmy with other men. The Prince of Wales resemblance has been worn threadbare. At times he is François Villon; more often, George M. Cohan. Always he is like his predecessor of the old Tweed days, Mayor A. Oakey Hall. Tammany authority Werner, who has made a study of the Tweed period, says that the resemblance between Hall and Walker is enough to make one believe in reincarnation. But Mayor Walker, as he neared the end of his first four years in office, resembled more than anyone else—so far as his position with voters went—the late President Harding.

When Mr. August Heckscher, at the head of a very impressive committee of 682 citizens, called on him to urge him to accept a renomination, he replied in that sentence which many regard as the epitome of his entire career:

"Who could say 'No'?"

Of the two factors which influenced him to this decision the resignation of Tammany Chieftain Olvany came first. Since the defeat of Al Smith it had been inevitable. Olvany had been one of those "highbrow guys," like McLaughlin, that Smith had forced upon the Tammany rank and file. With Smith in defeat, Olvany was powerless; so, being sensible as well as cultured, he got out before he was kicked out.

This was the district leaders' opportunity. When Charlie Murphy had died Al Smith had been powerful enough to dictate his successor. Now at last the period of chafing under Al's demands that they be good was over. Hadn't he insisted on the delegation to Houston being made up of the silk-hat members of the Hall? Hadn't he insisted on their staying home and hiding themselves in their

For a Social
Breath

Use^o Daily

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mouth wash and gar-
gle guards against
offense — indicates
refinement

clubhouses until the nomination was safely made? Hadn't he given them "that guy McLaughlin"? They'd show him. They'd elect one of their own number head of the Hall—and to hell with the New Tammany!

So they called a meeting of the boys at the new Wigwam which the hated Olvany had insisted on building at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Union Square. The boys didn't like that new Wigwam. But it was the only Wigwam they had, so they repaired to it one night in March, 1929—the big black limousines driven by city-paid chauffeurs rolling up in a seemingly endless procession—to declare their independence. But for some reason or other the proposed declaration was for the moment postponed.

"Perhaps they felt ill at ease in their new robes of independence," suggests Al Smith's biographer, Henry F. Pringle, "and waited half fearful and half hoping for the man named Smith to come in, pull off coat, vest, and collar, roll up his sleeves and tell them, as he had done again and again in the past, that their revolt was 'a lot of baloney.' They lost their nerve at all events, these bold bad men of the old régime, and agreed to appoint a committee which would confer about the matter with Al Smith, Surrogate Jim Foley, United States Senator Robert F. Wagner, and Jimmy Walker."

Mayor Walker, although sufficiently effete to suffer the architectural chastities of the new Hall, was as one with the boys as to the New Tammany, and specifically as to the elevation of one of the ranking district leaders to the vacant post of chief.

"There is nothing too big for a Tammany leader," he blurbed, in one of his rare lapses into obvious hokum. "They are the outstanding benefactors in this town."

The other three, however, were known to be solidly against the choice of a district leader and in favor of the selection of a man of high intelligence and unquestioned character. It seemed probable the New Tammany was to triumph again. But before the proposed conference could be held, the august judges of the Supreme Court of the United States suddenly filed out of their chambers in the Capitol and announced from the elevation of their bench that the five-cent fare had been saved.

"Jimmy Walker, eating lunch in New York City," wrote one commentator, "wore the quizzical smile which spreads over his face when something particularly delights him."

Well might Jimmy smile. His argument before the Supreme Court had not been a notable one. He had emphasized chiefly the temper of the people of New York, the possibility of fare riots if the petition of the traction companies for an increase were granted, and various other irrelevancies, which probably influenced the judges of the highest court in the land not at all. Nevertheless he had made it. His name was, in the mind of the average voter, synonymous with the fight for the nickel fare. And that fight had won.

THE new surge of favorable comment in his direction created the opportunity to overthrow Al Smith as the dominant power in the Hall—which meant the dominant power in New York—and to substitute himself. Jimmy didn't need to do anything about it. He didn't need to talk against Al Smith. He didn't need to be overtly disloyal to Al. The boys at the Hall felt the change in the atmosphere as quickly as he did.

On April 24, 1929, the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall elected one of their own number, District Leader John F. Curry, friend of Jimmy Walker and lifelong foe of Alfred E. Smith, to succeed Judge George W. Olvany, resigned.

Friend and enemy agreed that Jimmy had reached what was for him the top!

After these events of the spring his renomination was a foregone conclusion; and, as is usual with a Tammany candidate in New York City—unless the boys have been cutting up too badly and have been caught at it—his election was a cinch.

How could it be otherwise? Jimmy started with the enthusiastic support of those 150,000 officeholders.

Moreover it has been estimated that the average city employee controls three votes: his own, his wife's, and

one other; and that the average policeman, with his power for weal or woe over the citizens on his beat, controls approximately a hundred. The total of sure votes for Jimmy on that count would be about 750,000. The average Republican candidate would be lucky if he got 300,000; the average independent or minor-party candidate, from 50,000 to 100,000.

Another way of looking at Jimmy's chances was by races. New York has a less thoroughly assimilated foreign population than any other city in the country. Racial groups are more racial and more groupy. So, generally speaking, the candidate who appeals to the largest number of groups wins the election.

The Republicans nominated a fiery, courageous, and honest Italian American named Fiorello La Guardia, who had a showy record in Congress and stood well with his compatriots. Naturally they felt that they had snared the Italian vote. But they had forgotten that Jimmy, in addition to making the usual number of appointments from the Italian-born citizenry at home, had visited Mussolini, had praised him and been praised by him, had made himself almost as popular in Italy as he was in New York.

IF Fiorello's name had been Hans, he would have stood no better chance. Hadn't Jimmy been to Berlin and Munich and Bremen? Hadn't he praised German beer and done it justice? Hadn't he done the town with Max Schmeling and made himself the darling of the Steuben Society? Hadn't he welcomed Fried and kissed Mrs. Koehl on the steps of City Hall?

As for the 1,765,000 Jews in New York City, they had long since taken Jimmy to their influential bosoms. And he had taken them to his. And, of course, the son of Billy Walker of Castlecomer, County Kilkenny, Ireland, didn't have to worry about the Irish vote.

Against these odds La Guardia started off with great enthusiasm. He had, so it was said, come into possession of a copy of the famous Rothstein list; and he did his noblest to rouse renewed interest in this now almost-forgotten scandal. So long as he stuck to the vague charge that "a high official of the city administration" was on the list, he didn't do so badly, but when the press "called" him and forced him to name names, he flopped.

It seemed that an obscure judge in the Bronx, one Vitale, had borrowed \$20,000 from Arnold Rothstein. Dirty business, to be sure, a judge borrowing from a crook; but not dreadfully exciting after what La Guardia had led people to expect.

As a matter of fact the Vitale exposé was an important public service. The investigation which followed it—long after election, of course—resulted in laying bare a condition in the Magistrates' Courts so unbelievably rotten that it led ultimately to the city-wide inquiry which overwhelmed even the Honorable Jimmy. But at the time it didn't seem much. New Yorkers couldn't be persuaded to lick their chops over the petty indiscretions of one Bronx justice when they had been led to believe that they were to be feasted on large-scale corruption in City Hall. So, the Rothstein list having proved a boomerang to La Guardia, he was thrown back on the usual sniping at Jimmy's lack of dignity, his irresponsibility, his unseemly gayety, his frequent vacations, and his clothes—just the things for which the New York electorate loved Jimmy best!

On November 6, 1929, the Honorable James J. Walker was reelected Mayor of New York by the record plurality of nearly half a million votes.

The little Greenwich Village boy was still unbeaten. To many, including himself, he seemed unbeatable. At midnight, in the Wigwam, before a cheering, stamping, idolizing, old-time Tammany crowd, he made a typical Jimmy Walker speech, ending with that borrowed Broadwayism:

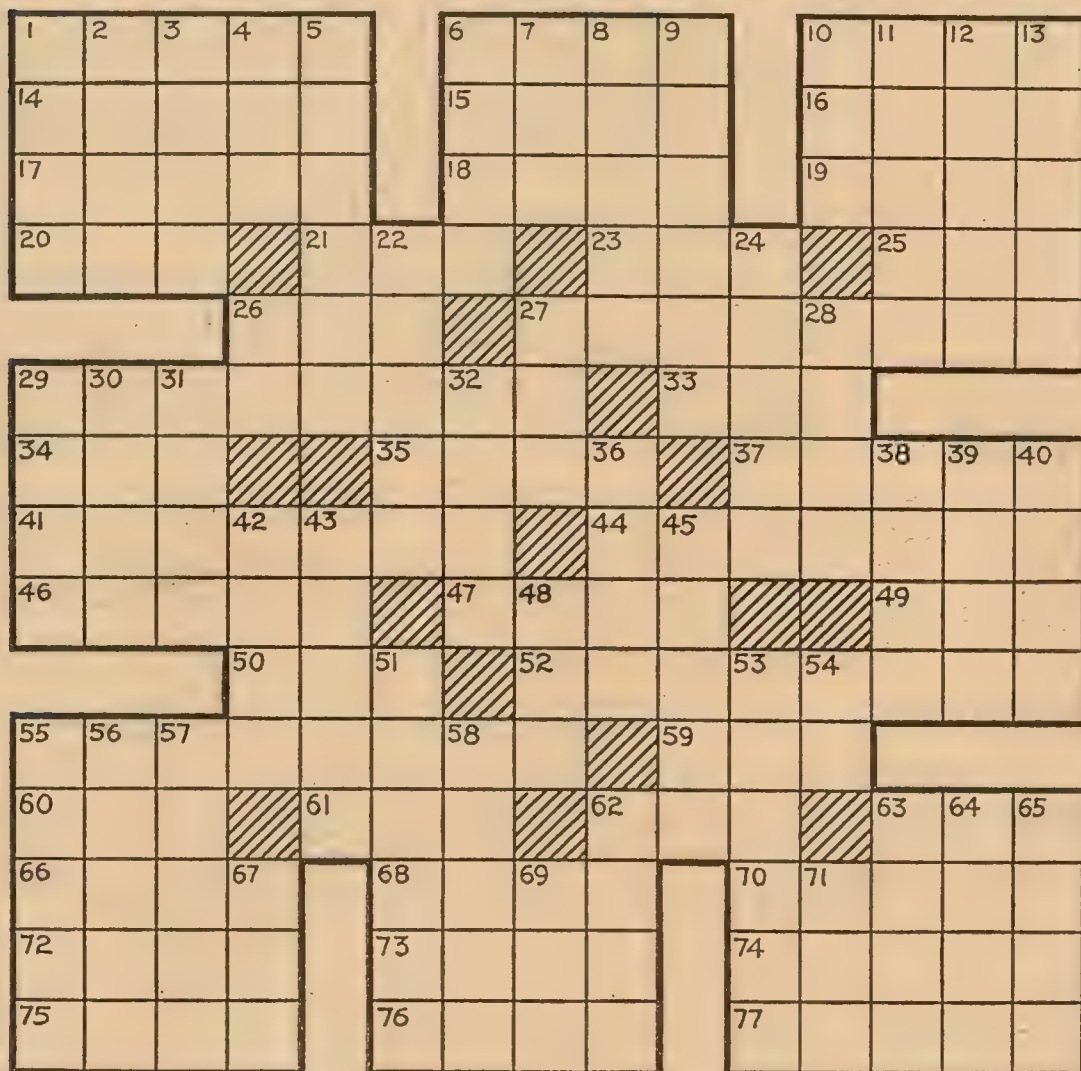
"You ain't seen nothin' yet."

He was right. They hadn't—compared with what they were about to see.

But, then, neither had Jimmy!

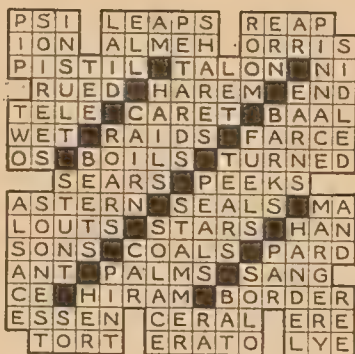
Laugh, Town, Laugh! will be concluded in Liberty next week.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Men
- 6 A chord passing through the center of a circle (abbr.)
- 10 Exclamation of sorrow
- 14 One of the rebel angels in Paradise Lost
- 15 Measure of area
- 16 River in Arizona and New Mexico
- 17 Herb belonging to the genus *Cassia*
- 18 Torn
- 19 To neglect
- 20 A loose end, rag, or tatter
- 21 Those at the front of any movement
- 23 Siamese coin
- 25 Compass point
- 26 Display ostentatiously, as an opinion
- 27 Isolated
- 29 Mettlesome horse (plural)
- 33 Australian bird
- 34 A greasy liquid
- 35 An eternity
- 37 An open square
- 41 Bearing or position of the body
- 44 Native of a European country
- 46 Wading bird
- 47 An openwork fabric
- 49 Egg of a parasitic insect
- 50 Gaelic form of John
- 52 Deprive of natural qualities
- 55 A fuel



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 59 A Biblical name
- 60 Form of to be
- 61 A sheep
- 62 African antelope
- 63 Mohammed's nephew
- 66 Giant in Hindu mythology
- 68 Wind instrument
- 70 Reëspouse
- 72 Utilized
- 73 Of the mouth
- 74 Woman's name
- 75 Lascivious
- 76 Memorandum
- 77 Mountain range in South America

VERTICAL

- 1 Part of a ship
- 2 A tract of the earth's surface
- 3 Large fish
- 4 Even (poetic)
- 5 Slavonic
- 6 Mend
- 7 To frost
- 8 Wild buffalo of India (plural)
- 9 Spirit
- 10 Past
- 11 Cemented
- 12 Place in a row
- 13 Satisfied
- 22 In or to the rear
- 24 A city in Florida
- 26 One indefinitely
- 27 Prefix meaning sameness or equality
- 28 Of no legal force or validity
- 29 Small sharp explosive sounds
- 30 Disorderly behavior
- 31 In addition
- 32 Dance of the Scottish Highlanders
- 36 City in France
- 38 One of a people of Japan
- 39 Biblical name
- 40 Stake in poker
- 42 Group of three
- 43 Former Russian proclamation
- 45 Part of a joint (carpentry)
- 48 American humorist
- 51 Massachusetts city
- 53 Absence of urine
- 54 Toward
- 55 Afghanistan province
- 56 Expunge
- 57 Restore to freshness
- 58 Combining form: pertaining to a nerve
- 62 High wind
- 63 Overcome with reverential fear
- 64 An unaspirated consonant
- 65 Small fish (plural)
- 67 Subjoin
- 69 A club
- 71 An eagle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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HAPPY DAYS

SHOULD LEFT-HANDEDNESS BE CORRECTED?—
A LUNCHEON SALAD RECIPE—ANALYZING OUR
PREFERENCES AND PREJUDICES—A POLICEMAN
WHO TRAVELED 10,000 MILES TO SEE HOME!

By ANNA
ROOSEVELT DALL



(Reading time: 4 minutes 56 seconds.)

WE are gradually learning that a child with a left-handed tendency should not be forced to use his right hand. Several cases of stammering children are said to have resulted from such forcing. Some children seem to be able to use either hand equally well. I know of a nursery school where at mealtimes the places are

set with the spoons and forks at the right, so that the children will automatically use their right hands, unless they are markedly left-handed. A similar idea might be followed out at home.

I ALWAYS feel as if we never could get enough salad recipes, as they may be used on so many occasions. So I was very glad to get this recipe from Mrs. Nesbitt at the White House. She calls it "A Luncheon Salad," and it obviously would be equally popular for supper or a late evening party. Here it is:

A LUNCHEON SALAD

2 cups boiled rice	1 cucumber, diced
½ cup celery, cut in small pieces	½ green pepper cut in small pieces
2 ripe tomatoes; cut firm parts in small pieces	
Garnishings: Lettuce leaves, sliced eggs, olives, radishes, or tiny sweet pickles.	

Mix the above ingredients together, of course omitting garnishings, so they will not get sticky. Add French dressing with seasoning to taste. Then toss the mixture with forks, one in each hand, lifting gently from the bottom of the bowl. Except for the rice the combination may be varied to suit your taste and to utilize vegetable leftovers in the ice box.

A MAN who is an expert on fine printing makes this comment on the development of all artistic appreciation: "It isn't enough to know that you like or dislike a certain picture, piece of fabric, or book. You must know *why* you like or dislike it. Pretty soon you'll find that you've learned a good deal about the subject in which you're interested." So we evidently shouldn't just discard our preferences and prejudices; we should analyze them and talk to other people about them. If we are interested enough to do this we will undoubtedly be led into a certain amount of study. I think I've mentioned the boy I know who became interested in collecting stones. He saved those which he thought were particularly beautiful. In a year or two he had a fine fundamental knowledge of mineralogy because he had learned what minerals made the various colorings and what geological formations produced certain patterns in stones.

Probably most of you have gathered by now that, as a family, we love sailing. This has all come about through my father's enthusiasm for the sea and ships. As children, he would gather us all together early in the summer and, after much discussion and arguing, we would



finally decide on specifications for some type of model sailboat.

We would each make one, with help from father, and at the end of the summer there would be a grand regatta across the Hudson.

Breathless excitement on our part while we watched the little white sails bobbing up and down—sometimes almost disappearing between waves—and almost audibly prayed that our own particular creation would hold a "true course." The winner would receive a tiny trophy cup with his or her name engraved on it. This is not, I realize, strictly an artistic pursuit! It taught us, nevertheless, much about sea lore as well as fundamentals of carpentry.

President Roosevelt, foreground at right, cruising aboard the yacht Amberjack.

IT'S often a surprise to find out inadvertently that so many people's lives, if written down, would read like novels. This happened to me the other day. I was driving my car to an appointment and stopped on a corner to say hello to a New York policeman I know. He remarked that I seemed to travel around quite a lot and then started to tell me about his travels. I found myself visiting lands I had never seen, through his words. Here is a small part of the story:

"I had to travel ten thousand miles last year to visit my home and my folks in South Africa," and then, with a far-away gaze, "and I hadn't seen them in thirty years till then. My sister was twelve when I left and I was nineteen."

"Well, how did you happen to come here?" I asked. "I just naturally had a hankering for traveling," he answered, "and I heard about a gold strike in the Klondike—No, first I heard about one in Johannesburg, but after hanging around there for a while I didn't like it and decided to move on to the Klondike—and," he added ruefully, "this is as far as I got. But it's probably just as well; they tell me it's pretty cold up there."

Then he went on to tell me about his return to Africa, his landing at Durban after traveling for one month, and his disappointment at not being able to recognize his sister on the dock. "I kept telling myself that there was no reason why they should meet me—but I *had* hoped they would."

"Then I noticed three people standing together, but two of them looked like sisters—you know, all ages dress alike over there, just as they do here."

"Then the man next to me, who had been my buddy on the trip out and who knew my story, said, 'There they are—those three people standing together and looking at you.' After a while we got close enough so I could hear what they said, and I heard my sister say to her daughter, 'That's not my brother. He never used to have gray hair!'" He looked down for a moment in thought, then up again, and resumed: "I found that I still loved the jungle—after all those years. You know they say that if a man has ever lived in the jungle, even a short while, it sort of hypnotizes him and he always wants to go back there to die. That's what I'd like best, too, when my time comes."

A LUCKY Break

A Short Short Story

By

Q. PATRICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

MISS JENNIFER was not the type to invite or to attract the attention of stray young men, even if she hadn't been as close as she was to the milestone marked "Old Maid." Nor was she addicted to swearing—especially in trains. Yet she could have sworn, in her mild, ladylike way, that the younger of the two men in the Pullman seat ahead was trying to attract her attention. Indeed, as the deep breathing of his elderly companion gradually developed into a gentle snore, the surprising fact grew even more obvious. It became a certainty.

"What a nice face!" she thought as she peeped curiously around the back of the seat.

The clear blue eyes of the young man caught her gaze.

Modestly Miss Jennifer bent over her Librarian's Manual and studied it unseeingly. Glancing out of the window, she noted a little regretfully that she was nearly home. In a few minutes the brakeman would call out, "Sunbury Junction." She gave a tug at her fur, and straightened her rather daring new hat. The young man was looking round again. There was no doubt about it. He was smiling at her; smiling with a wistful, charming smile. His lips formed the single word, "Please."

A strange warm feeling of adventure and romance stole over her. Surprisingly she heard herself whisper, "What is it?"

The youth looked quickly toward the dozing man at his side. Instinct told Miss Jennifer that there was something he must conceal from his companion.

"You remind me of a picture of my mother when she was a—girl," the young man whispered. "She was the kindest person in the world."

"When she was a girl." Miss Jennifer's heart fluttered again. It was some time since anyone had called her a girl.

"Will you do me a kindness when we get to the junction?" The blue eyes were gazing searchingly into her own. With a quick lowering of her lashes she gave her head a prim little nod. A look of gratitude overspread the boy's countenance. The sleeping man awoke suddenly and glanced toward his young companion. But the blue eyes had closed, and the boyish cheek rested against the green plush of the seat as though in slumber. The bald head nodded again and there was a faint sound of stertorous breathing. The blue eyes snapped open.

"We're just reaching Sunbury." The pleading smile had come back to his face. "I want you to deliver a message. It's—for a girl. She'll be standing directly under the clock," came the whisper. "Just tell her 'Jimmy says.' She'll understand."

Miss Jennifer nodded again, her heart beating rapidly.

"Tell her we're going by the South Road. With any luck we'll get a break."

A dark flush tinged Miss Jennifer's pale cheeks. An elopement! "Love leaps o'er all barriers," she thought, remembering a favorite book.

"Sunbury Junction. Everybody change," called the brakeman.

The older man stirred as the train jerked to a stop. Miss Jennifer rose hurriedly. She wanted to be the first one off. She gathered up her things without looking toward Jimmy. But there was a reassuring smile on her lips. He would understand.



As she made her way across the station Miss Jennifer drew a mental picture of this girl. She would be young—younger even than the boy, and her eyes would be full of courage. She would be blonde.

No. She was dark—darker than Jimmy and a good bit older. She was standing under the clock as he had said, but she was not the girl Miss Jennifer had pictured. There were coarse lines around her mouth and tired shadows beneath her eyes.

"Gracious!" said Miss Jennifer to herself. "She's not the girl for him!"

It was then that the little librarian decided to tamper with fate. She did not stop to analyze her reasons. She only knew that she could not allow that bright-faced boy on the train to elope with this girl. There was another road. . . .

THE two women faced each other. The falsehood came bravely from Miss Jennifer's lips. "Jimmy says they're going by the River Road."

The girl's eyes looked furtively around the station. "Yes?" she whispered.

"With any luck—"

"We'll see that he gets a break all right."

The girl walked rapidly to where two middle-aged men waited by the doorway. They spoke together hurriedly and Miss Jennifer saw the three of them climb into a big black touring car and speed away toward the River Road.

"I don't care," thought Miss Jennifer recklessly; "one day he will thank me."

But suddenly a new thought came to her: Would Jimmy always remember her as the woman who had broken faith? She must find him. Somehow or other she must tell him what she had done.

She pressed forward through a gathering crowd, but a huge uniformed policeman blocked her passage. Bewildered, she stood there a moment and only half heard the words of the man beside her.

"That's Baby-face," he grunted. "They caught him red-handed outside the Boxhill bank. I guess they are taking him to the county jail."

And then another voice cried excitedly: "They never did catch the girl that was with him! If he had any way of getting word to her and the gang which road they were taking him by, there would probably be some shooting."

"Which road they were taking him by—" Miss Jennifer caught the words plainly this time. Eagerly she peered under the policeman's outstretched arm. She saw the young man and his companion take their places in a waiting car whose driver was a policeman. Then her eyes were dimmed with tears of pity.

The last thing she had seen was the flash of steel handcuffs on Jimmy's wrists!

THE END





New Thrills, New Perils, New
Excitements in a Glamorous
Tale of Adventure

Hearts and Swords

By

R A F A E L
S A B A T I N I

(Reading time: 33 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the adventures of Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, in Venice during the last days of the Doges. A secret envoy of Mr. Pitt, he poses as Camille Lebel, agent of the French Directory, and Mr. Melville, an English flâneur. In Venice he again meets Isotta Pizzamano, with whom he had an understanding while her father was Venetian ambassador to England, before Marc-Antoine's mission to France, where he escaped the Revolutionists' guillotine by bribery. He meets a French spy posing as his widow, learns that Napoleon is having soundings made of the canals preparatory to an attack, and denounces the plot to the inquisitors. Isotta, believing Marc-Antoine dead, has become engaged to Leonardo Vendramin, impecunious noble who controls the Barnabotti. Vendramin demands of Count Pizzamano that Isotta marry him at once, but Isotta's father tells him that he must wait until Venice is safe.

PART FIVE—THE DRAGON'S EYE

IT was a subdued Vendramin who was to be seen at the Casa Pizzamano in the days that followed: a Vendramin in sackcloth and ashes, seeking by humility to be taken back into the full favour he had earlier enjoyed. It helped him that Domenico was kept absent by his military duties, and some progress undoubtedly he made in

Ottolino had sprung nimbly to the right so as to take his man in flank, trusting to the gloom to mask a movement.

the desired direction. But there was a chill upon the courtesy the count extended to Vendramin which had not formerly been present. Sensing it, Vendramin was not quite happy. But it was the least of his worries.

Financial difficulties which he had hoped to relieve by an early marriage grew daily more oppressive. The vicomtesse, hitherto so liberal, displayed an increasing reluctance to untie her purse strings. His dangers were magnified in Vendramin's mind, as we know, by his abiding dread of the rivalry of Marc-Antoine and the mischief it might work for him. And then, quite suddenly, he was afforded evidence not merely of the reality of this rivalry, but that it went to depths which he could never have suspected.

It happened one evening that whilst at her father's request Isotta was playing for them an air by Paisiello, Ser Leonardo wandered down the room to the harpsichord, to do her the little service of turning the sheets from which she was reading.

Leaning forward to do so, his eyes strayed to the fan which she had placed on top of the harpsichord. He had seen it many times in her hand or hanging from her girdle; but he had never before had this opportunity of considering the beauty of its workmanship.

Its shafts were of gold in the lower half and very delicately carved, presumably by Chinese hands, into the semblance of a dragon. There were little emeralds in the tail and little rubies in the nostrils. But the dragon's eye was missing; the disproportionately large eye socket was empty.

Idly he picked up the fan and turned it over in his hand. The design on the other side was the same and identically jeweled; but here the eye was present—a grotesquely bulging cabochon sapphire.

He turned the fan over again, and perspiration broke out in his palm.

FOR a moment it seemed that his heart had stopped. He had a sudden vision of a lady surprised in Mr. Melville's arms, and then of that same lady scurrying masked from Mr. Melville's lodging. The vision was conjured by that dragon's empty eye socket. It had reminded him that immediately after that lady's escape he had picked up from Mr. Melville's floor just such a cabochon sapphire, of the size of a half pea. Maliciously he had kept it, and at need he could fit it to this empty socket and so convict her. For his own conviction, however, so much was not necessary.

It enraged him because it was clear to him that he could not call her to account for her wantonness without wrecking all those worldly prospects which were already in jeopardy. He was being grossly abused and swindled, and yet he must resign himself. She would accept him for her husband so that his support might be given to the cause the Pizzamani had at heart. The false jade,



with her airs of dignity and her nunlike reserve, cheated him in advance by taking a lover.

But if he dared not denounce it, at least he could in part avenge it upon Mr. Melville. It had needed just this added spur to make him see clearly what was to be done.

He found his opportunity two days later at the Casino del Leone, where, as if to supply him with yet another grievance, he came upon Mr. Melville in the company of the vicomtesse. This damned Englishman seemed to threaten him in every quarter! On the one hand, the fellow might yet wreck his chances of a wealthy marriage; on the other, he might deprive him of a mistress.

HE really marvelled that he should have been so patient. But that was now at an end. He thrust his way without ceremony into the little group of which Marc-Antoine formed part. From this group one or two fell away immediately on his approach. Vendramin's was not a company that was sought by all Venetian gentlemen. Young Balbi and Major Andrea Sanfermo, between whom and Marc-Antoine a certain friendliness if not actual friendship had been growing in these last few months, remained.

Vendramin flung a greeting to them all, and stooped to kiss the hand of the seated vicomtesse.

As he straightened himself his smiling eyes met those of Marc-Antoine, who nodded to him.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Anglais! You too are here. Still lingering in Venice. You threaten to become permanently domiciled."

"The enchantment of Venice is an abundant justification. But I don't like 'threaten.' I am not a menace, Ser Leonardo."

"God knows you are not!" said Vendramin in a tone of such contempt that it set them all staring. "And I can understand that these our enchantments should lay a



"This is not over yet! This is no first-blood affair. I fence as well with my left arm as my right. Tell them it is my intention to continue. Patch me up."



potent spell upon one accustomed to a barbarous country."

There was a stir at this. Plainly Vendramin was being intentionally provocative. But Marc-Antoine's manner betrayed no awareness of it. He continued to smile. He brought out his snuffbox and tapped it as he answered:

"I fear you are right. We are barbarians up there. So we come to Venice to improve our manners—to study the elegancies of deportment, the courtesies of phrase."

Major Sanfermo laughed outright and took advantage of it to attempt to restore calm. He clapped Mr. Melville's shoulder.

"But, by my faith, there is not the need to teach you wit."

"You must of course mean that the English skull is notoriously impenetrable," said Vendramin.

"You know that I mean the opposite," Sanfermo contradicted him, and with the others looked uneasily at Marc-Antoine.

But Marc-Antoine remained entirely unruffled. He met Sanfermo's glance, and proffered his open snuffbox.

"Possibly you will not have known many Englishmen, Ser Leonardo."

"As many as desirable. I have known you."

"I see. And so with you it is *ex uno disce omnes*." No tone or manner could have been more amiable. "But it is bad reasoning to assume that the shortcomings discerned in one poor Englishman are common to all his fellow countrymen. Even if you had been the only Venetian I had ever met, I should still hesitate to believe that all Venetians are crude and mannerless, stupid and vulgar."

There was a sudden hush about them. Vendramin was looking white and ugly. Roughly he shook off the clutch of the vicomtesse, who had risen in alarm.

"Let me understand this clearly."

MARC-ANTOINE paused with the pinch of snuff between finger and thumb. He appealed half humorously to the company: "God help him! He still doesn't understand. And he spoke of impenetrable skulls."

Vendramin drew back again and stiffened. "That will suffice, I think. None could expect me to suffer quite so much. My friend here, Messer Nani, will have the honour to wait upon you at your lodging."

But Marc-Antoine did not mean to spare him anything. He closed the lid of his snuffbox. "To what end?" he asked innocently.

"To what end?" echoed the other in amazement. "Do you ask me to what end? Do you play the dullard to mock me, or are you really a half-wit? You'll know something, I suppose, even in England of satisfaction between gentlemen."

"I see; I see," said Marc-Antoine with the air of one penetrated at last by understanding. "Forgive my dullness. It arises from our different codes. There are certain circumstances which it seemed to me must make impossible in honour a meeting between us. It would

certainly be impossible in barbarian England. And even now I can hardly believe that this is how you pay your debts in Venice."

"Pay our debts? What the devil do you mean?"

He was still the essence of urbanity and still supremely at ease. But under this serenity a fiendishness was stirring. Since the fool delivered himself so into Marc-Antoine's hands, he should have full measure. Marc-Antoine would spare him nothing.

"I must be plainer, then. In the last three months, Vendramin, you have borrowed from me various sums amounting in all to about a thousand ducats. It does not suit me that you should cancel the debt by killing me. Nor does it suit me to lose my money by killing you. I should have thought a man of honour would not have compelled me to put the matter quite so plainly."

Vendramin's face was the colour of lead. Here was a foul cowardly blow that he had not expected. Notwithstanding the blindness of his rage, he was conscious of a withdrawal of those about him, of a gasp of scorn, of hostile mutterings.

HE strove with Nani and the vicomtesse, who were holding him, and then suddenly he fell still to hear Major Sanfermo's vibrant exclamation:

"And by God, sir, a man of honour would not!"

"I'll deal with you afterward, Sanfermo," cried the tortured Vendramin. "My affair just now is with this Englishman—this coward who shelters himself behind his ducats!"

But Marc-Antoine was concerned to shelter himself no longer. His wicked purpose had been served. He cared little what course the affair should run now.

"Oh! If you call my courage in question, that is entirely another matter, ducats or no ducats." He bowed to Nani. "I shall have the honour of expecting you, sir."

Even as the gleam of satisfaction leapt to Vendramin's eyes, it was quenched by Nani's unexpected answer:

"I carry no messages for Messer Vendramin."

"Nor will any other Venetian gentleman," added Major Sanfermo.

Vendramin looked about him, bewildered, furious, everywhere to meet eyes of condemnation. He understood now to the full how Melville had dealt with him. Then he rallied his wits and recovered his courage. He held his head high.

"You are very quick to conclude and very quick to condemn. As rash, indeed, as Mr. Melville. It does not occur to you, any more than it occurred to him, that a man of honour would liquidate his debts before meeting his creditor. You make it necessary that I should tell you that Mr. Melville shall be paid to the last ducat before we meet."

"You will be putting the meeting off indefinitely," sneered Balbi.

Vendramin turned on him sharply. "When I have settled this affair, Messer Balbi, I shall have a word to say to you upon the subject of ill-timed irony. Meanwhile it should answer your innuendo if I say that I count upon meeting Mr. Melville tomorrow, or the next day at the latest. And I shall not want for a gentleman to carry my message, without troubling any of you."

He turned on his heel and went out.

Marc-Antoine laughed softly. "He had the last word, after all."

The vicomtesse, in an obvious agitation, hung on the skirts of the little crowd. When presently he was departing, she made the opportunity to speak with him by requesting his escort to her gondola, which waited at the Piazzetta steps.

As they came out under the arcades of the square, she hung heavily on his arm.

"What have you done, monsieur?" she wailed at him. "What have you done!"

"I could answer you better if I knew for whom you are concerned: for me or for him."

"I am concerned for you both."

"Be reassured, then. We shall not both die."

"Oh, in God's name, do not jest about it! There must be no meeting between you!"

"You will prevail upon him to apologize?"

"If necessary, I will endeavour."

"There's a more certain way," said Marc-Antoine. They were crossing the square in the dusk. Lights gleamed from shops under the *procuratie*. "There's a condition attaching to this meeting: a condition made by Ser Leonardo himself. He is first to pay me a matter of a thousand ducats. If he fails to get that money he will face an obstacle which he will not easily surmount."

She reflected a moment. "Do you swear that unless he pays you the money you will not meet him?"

"I swear it."

She was relieved. She swore in her heart that Vendramin should not have a sequin from her.

And upon that oath she acted when, on arrival home, she found Vendramin awaiting her.

Her refusal left him stricken. He looked at her with dull eyes. "If you won't help me, Anne, in God's name what am I to do?"

She stood white-faced, almost contemptuous.

"What need had you to vent your spleen against him? Why did you not think of this, you fool, before you deliberately provoked him?"

He could not tell her how deeply he had been provoked.

"Devil take the lowbred skinflint!" he grumbled. "Could I suppose—could any gentleman suppose—that he would take refuge behind a debt? It's only an Englishman could behave so basely. My God, Anne, I shall kill that man!"

CHAPTER XVI—THE MEETING

MARC-ANTOINE'S confidence that it must prove impossible for Vendramin to find the money was abruptly shattered on the morrow.

He was waited upon at an early hour by Colonel Androvitch, a middle-aged officer of the Slavonian Regiment stationed at San Giorgio Maggiore. The colonel, a short spare man, but as tough of body as of manner, brought two heavy bags. Having done so, he clicked his heels together, bowed from the waist stiffly, and announced that the bags contained gold to the value of nine hundred and fifty ducats due from Messer Leonardo Vendramin.

He passed on to state that as Ser Leonardo's friend he would be happy to hear from Messer Melville when it would suit his convenience to afford Ser Leonardo the satisfaction due between them.

Mr. Melville preserved with difficulty a calm deportment. He assumed, of course, that the woman who called herself the Vicomtesse de Saulx had after all allowed herself to be persuaded, reluctantly or otherwise, to find the money for Vendramin.

And just as Vendramin had found that, so he had found a Slavonian officer to carry the message which

MONTE
CROUS

Andrea Sanfermo had said that no gentleman would carry for him.

He could only accept the assurance of Colonel Androvitch that the piece of ground behind the riding school on the Giudecca would in the early hours be a suitable place for the transaction of their business.

Later in the day the uneasy Marc-Antoine sought Major Sanfermo, and found him in the gaming room of the Casino del Leone. He drew him aside.

"Vendramin has paid me his debt."

"I wonder whom he has robbed."

"And we meet tomorrow morning. May I count upon your services, Sanfermo?"

Sanfermo bowed formally. "Deeply honoured." Then he turned grave as his dark thoughtful eyes considered Marc-Antoine.

"This Vendramin, like all rascals who live more or less on their wits, has a reputation as a swordsman. Are you in practice?"

"Not in practice, perhaps. But I should be able to give an account of myself."

For what occurred the next day Vendramin blamed the dullness of the light and the slipperiness of the ground; for it was a grey morning and it had rained a little in the night. These, however, were excuses urged to save his face.

The light was not merely abundant—it was excellent, because there were no reflections. And the turf on that strip of ground with its single rather melancholy sycamore, behind the long low brick building of the riding school, whilst damp was certainly not slippery.

Vendramin came to the engagement with the confidence of acknowledged mastery, and the first few engages with which the adversaries tested each other revealed him for a graceful, accomplished, but academic fencer.

Marc-Antoine's play suggested a greater flexibility; but neither Sanfermo nor Androvitch, who stood watchfully at hand, and both of whom had been trained in the Italian school, could approve his methods. Sanfermo

was dubious and Androvitch confident of the issue. Neither of them had a high regard for the French school. This may have been because neither of them had ever seen an exponent of it who was in the first class. The straight Italian arm, with its consequent extremely close parries and ever-menacing point, seemed to them infinitely superior because entailing infinitely less exertion than the bent arm of the French school, which kept the elbow close to the body.

AND to Marc-Antoine, who had never yet opposed an Italian swordsman, that extended reach and steady point were so disconcerting that at first he could not do himself full justice. He could do himself justice enough, however, successfully to deflect every attempt to pass his guard. Presently growing accustomed to the opposing method and settling down more to his own, he gave them a surprising demonstration of where lay the advantage of the French school. Its greater flexibility permitted of double feints; and these, executed with a lightning speed, were impossible to the Italian rigidity, confining a swordsman to single time, in which parry and riposte were almost one. With a succession of attacks following upon these whirling double feints Marc-Antoine presently drove Vendramin before him in such a manner as to make the seconds reconsider their opinion.

The Venetian was irritated by what at first he accounted a buffoonery of the French academies as practiced by an Englishman. This was not fencing as he understood it. In his irritation he swore to himself that he would not be made to go dancing off like this before these charging thrusts. He would stop the next one with a time lunge that should put an end to this comedy. But his time lunge when it came was eluded by a demivolte, followed by a riposte delivered from the flank.

Vendramin twisted precipitately to parry, and this from a position of the utmost disadvantage, so that the





movement was an awkward and ungainly one. Nevertheless he succeeded in deflecting the thrust—but so narrowly that the sweat started from his brow in panic. When it was over he leapt back again out of reach, in spite of his resolve not again to give ground. Only thus could he regain his poise, mental and physical.

His surprise was shared by the seconds. But with a difference. There had been a moment in Marc-Antoine's execution of that movement when his opponent was entirely uncovered to him. But in that second Marc-Antoine had seemed to hesitate; and in this hesitation his chance had been lost.

THE fact is that he had been taken by surprise: not by the opening itself, which instinctively he knew would be there when he made that awkward demivolte, but by the opportunity it gave him of ending the combat in the only manner in which he dared to end it. Had he been untrammelled in this duel, had his aim been merely to wound without recking whether he slew, there would have been no hesitation. The mechanics of his manœuvre would have been completed and his blade would have gone through his adversary's flank before Vendramin could effect that clumsy recovery. But even as Marc-Antoine checked the completing thrust he perceived how and where it should be delivered so as to serve his purpose. Because this was unforeseen, there was that hesitation which had saved his opponent.

Marc-Antoine, however, was now instructed. He saw his way. Confidence surged up in him. He was this man's master. What had been done once could be done again. Nor did it even prove necessary to be strategic so as to create the occasion. Vendramin himself created it, driven now by anger at what had occurred.

His poise recovered, he bounded forward to attack relentlessly, to make an end. Before his fury it was Marc-Antoine who now fell back, lightly, nimbly, just eluding that hard-driven

vicious point, thereby making his opponent feel that his reach was never quite long enough and so luring him to extend himself again in a lunge that should end the business. And at last it came, once more to be eluded by that treacherous demivolte. This time, however, there was no hesitation to give time for recovery. Marc-Antoine riposted with the speed of lightning in carte, and Vendramin's weapon fell from suddenly numbed fingers. His opponent's sword had skewered the muscles of his sword arm.

He uttered an "Ai!" of pain as the blade was withdrawn, and he reeled away, his nether lip in his teeth, to come to rest against Androvitch, who had sprung to his aid.

It was not only pain that turned his face drawn and livid. There was the discomfiture, the shame of this defeat to a man of his mastery. And then he heard Sanfermo addressing his principal in a buoyant tone:

"The most magnanimous thing I have ever witnessed, sir! I am proud to have been out with you."

IT needed only this: that it should be bruited through Venice that he owed his life to the magnanimity of his adversary. Sanfermo, who had kept his principal's coat over his left arm, was now holding it for Marc-Antoine.

"What are they supposing?" Vendramin asked Androvitch. "This is not over yet! This is no first-blood affair. I fence as well with my left arm as my right. Tell them that it is my intention to continue."

"Continue? You are in no case to continue. You are bleeding horribly."

"What then? Can't you patch me up? Can't you make a bandage? Tear up my shirt, man!"

But here Sanfermo intervened. "We do not continue, Colonel Androvitch," he announced firmly. "My friend came out solely to prove his courage, which had been called into question. If Messer Vendramin is not lying dead at this moment, that is due entirely to Messer Melville's clemency, as you yourself have seen."

"That's a lie!" shouted Vendramin. "And if you have the audacity to repeat it, Sanfermo, I will prove it on your body!"

Sanfermo made a little bow to Androvitch. "May I suggest that you restrain your friend? He is in no case to provoke resentments, and I am not disposed to take notice of him. But there are decencies to be observed. And, anyway, I am taking my friend off the ground. This matter is at an end."

It was indeed at an end, as became suddenly plain to Vendramin's swimming senses. He was growing faint from loss of blood and in need of immediate attention. Androvitch went to render him what aid he could, and Marc-Antoine departed with Sanfermo, who was in a glow of enthusiasm for his principal's conduct.

This enthusiasm was answerable

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for the circulation of the story through the casini, and through those spheres of Venetian society which frequented them.

He found himself also in one quarter the object of reproaches. Momentarily alone with the vicomtesse in the Casino del Leone, he confronted an unusual hardness in her glance.

"So you broke your word," she said.

He shook his head.

"What?" He thought there was more than surprise in her face. "Are you telling me that he paid you? A thousand ducats?"

He nodded. "I should not have met him else. And are you telling me that you do not know where he got the money?"

"I certainly do not."

They looked at each other in mutual unbelief.

CHAPTER XVII—THE BRIDGE OF SAN MOISÉ

AT the stormy meeting of the Grand Council on that last Monday in October, Vendramin was signally to prove that although nothing in himself and contemptible in the eyes of almost every patrician of account, yet by a queer irony which the oligarchy made possible he wielded a power with which men must reckon. It was a power which might well give him control of the destinies of the state.

Barely recovered from his wound, he explained his condition to Count Pizzamano vaguely as the result of a trifling accidental injury. The count, in his austere aloofness from the frivolous world of fashion, had heard nothing of the duel. Pale from the blood he had lost and refined by his pallor to an air of asceticism, his injured arm so craftily slung under his patrician toga that its injury was not to be perceived, Vendramin stood in the tribune tall and dominant before his brother oligarchs.

His voice had lost none of its richness and his rhetoric none of its dramatic power. He began by a low emphatic announcement of the fatal error of assuming that the independence of Venice was not menaced. He passed on to dwell at length upon the intransigence of Bonaparte; and he asked them whether they could really suppose that if that man were ultimately victorious in Italy he would withhold his brigand's hands from the treasures of the Most Serene Republic.

"To those who too closely and avariciously regard their possessions I say that it will not merely be more honourable, but actually more profitable, to spend them freely in the defence of the state rather than allow them to be confiscated by a victorious French general."

With that, protesting that already more words had been used in that hall than the occasion justified, he demanded that the vote be taken upon the motion for a strong policy against France.

The Barnabotti, of whom there was a full muster present, voted solidly as their leader indicated. It is possible that Vendramin's advocacy swayed some of the more solid patricians who were hesitating, for when the votes were counted it was discovered that, in spite of one hundred abstentions, there was a majority of more than a hundred in favour of the motion. By this the Senate was required to proceed with the utmost dispatch to increase their armaments.

The meeting dispersed with the feeling that only at its peril could the Senate neglect to carry out a recommendation so strongly supported.

Once more Vendramin had given proof of his capacity, through his worthless Barnabotti following, to sway decisions.

From this he derived a consciousness of triumph, a glow of pride in his own consequence, that was marred only by his sense of defeat at the hands of Mr. Melville and his consequently aggravated apprehensions of what that accursed Englishman might do unless Vendramin took his measures.

These measures he was now taking. He did not even propose to wait until his wound was healed so that he might attend to the matter in person. Thank God he did not lack for friends, even if his associates in the Casino del Leone and other similar meeting places were looking a little askance at him these days.

And they were friends upon whom he could depend to square accounts for him.

They took the matter in hand. On the Thursday of that week Marc-Antoine had gone with Sanfermo, Balbi, and another of his recent Venetian friends to the performance of Panzierei's ballet Odervik at the Fenice Theatre.

The vicomtesse was in a box opposite to their own; and Vendramin, in lilac and silver, his arm in a lilac sling, was in attendance, besides two other men, one of whom Balbi recognized for a Barnabotto named Ottolino. He was known to practice as a fencing master, one of the very few occupations which a patrician might pursue without loss of caste, and he was held in sinister repute as a bully swordsman.

At the end of the performance, the night although cold being fine, the four friends, ignoring the press of gondolas in the little basin before the main entrance, left the theatre on foot. In the vestibule they passed the vicomtesse, who smiled a greeting to them, undeterred by the scowl of her cavalier. Even as he bowed to her Marc-Antoine saw Vendramin turn his head to speak to the two men who had been with them in the box, and saw that he spoke to them under cover of a three-cornered hat held across his face.

The four friends crossed the Bridge of La Fenice and walked together as far as Santa Maria Zobenigo. Here they were greeted by the strains of music from the Casino of La Beata, where a ball was in progress. Sanfermo halted them before the door and urged that they should join those revellers for an hour or two. The other two Venetians welcomed the proposal, but Marc-Antoine excused himself. He was a little tired and he would go straight back to his lodgings.

So they parted company there, and Marc-Antoine went on alone in the direction of San Moisé. But as he was bidding them good night and good enjoyment he caught a glimpse of two dark figures that were coming very slowly down the street from the direction of La Fenice. As he looked they crossed the light issuing from the open doorway of a malvasia, and in one of them he certainly recognized that Ottolino who had been pointed out to him in the theatre. This evoked a vision of Vendramin half covering his face with his hat as he spoke to his two companions over his shoulder.

IT so impressed him that for a moment he hesitated on a thought of following his late companions into La Beata. Then, almost annoyed with himself for having harboured the notion of being driven by a suspicion into amusements for which he had no inclination, he went briskly forward. He had not gone a dozen paces before he was aware that those saunterers were sauntering no longer. They too had suddenly lengthened their stride to match his own. He could not doubt that he was being followed, or that mischief was intended.

He was nearing the Bridge of San Moisé, and had still some way to go to reach the Piazza, where he would be rendered safe by the people still astir. But here he was virtually alone with these two who tracked him. He unwound the cloak in which he had been tight wrapped against the chilly night, and let it hang entirely loose upon his shoulders. Similarly he loosened in its scabbard the smallsword that he was fortunately wearing. This without checking or shortening his stride.

His ears informed him of the progress of his followers. Their rapid steps rang briskly upon the pavement of the narrow street. They were steadily gaining. And yet if his suspicions were correct why did they not rush him at once? The street was otherwise empty. For what were they waiting? He guessed the answer when he reached the opening at the foot of the Bridge of San Moisé, and when at last the short swift rush took place. They preferred to attack him at a spot where a canal would enable them instantly to dispose of his remains.

With delicate precision he calculated the moment at which to turn and face them. He chose to do it standing on the bridge, a position which would give him a slight command of them when they charged. As he spun round he drew his sword with one hand whilst with the other he swept the cloak from his shoulders. He knew exactly what he was going to do.

As he turned to meet that charge, one of his assailants, a full yard ahead of his fellow, was within striking distance on his left, and Marc-Antoine caught the livid gleam of his sword levelled for the stroke. On to that level blade Marc-Antoine flung his cloak to bear it down. As his opponent sank under the weight, and uncovered the man, Marc-Antoine doubled him, winded by a kick in the stomach, and almost simultaneously parried the thrust of the second assassin, who was Ottolino. Before he could riposte, the parried blade had disengaged. Ottolino had sprung nimbly to the right so as to take his man in flank, trusting to the gloom to mask a movement that should make an end of this business.

But Marc-Antoine was whirling his blade to cover himself at all points. It caught the sidelong thrust, enveloped it in a circular parry, and drove home a counter-thrust that sank through his assailant's body.

All this had happened almost within a couple of heartbeats. Without a pause he swung to the left again, to meet the renewed attack of the other bully, who had by now recovered. In his haste Marc-Antoine had not even waited to see what happened to Ottolino. Already his blade was engaged again when a loud splash informed him of where the led captain fell. It may also have been the other assassin's first intimation of what had happened to his fellow. And it may have been due to this that he suddenly sprang back well out of reach.

Craning forward, Marc-Antoine could just make him out crouching there in the gloom three or four yards away. He did not crouch to spring but to guard himself as he retreated. Farther and farther back he went thus, until, judging that the distance made it safe, he suddenly straightened himself, turned, and ran.

CHAPTER XVIII—THE SHIELD

ON the following afternoon, wandering into the Caffè Bertazzi, where nowadays Marc-Antoine was known and welcomed, he found there the lively Major Sanfermo, who to make him regret having parted company so early on the previous night entertained him with an account of their lively doings at La Beata. They had danced until daylight, and then on their way home a further entertainment was supplied them.

By the Bridge of San Moisé they had come upon the signors of the night with the body of a man they had just fished out of the canal under the bridge.

"And who do you think it was?" Sanfermo asked him.

"That bully swordsman we saw in the box at La Fenice with Leonardo Vendramin. I think you said his name was Ottolino."

Sanfermo's mouth fell open in ludicrous surprise.

"How the devil should you know that?"

"For the best of reasons. I put him there."

Now Sanfermo was dumbfounded by the cool announcement. Then a light of angry understanding flashed in his eyes. "By the Host! Do you mean that you were attacked?"

Marc-Antoine rendered a brief account. "I came here looking for you—to tell you about it, and to ask you what I should do about it now."

"Do? Faith, it seems to me you've done all that matters."

"But the signors of the night will be looking for a murderer."

"They're more likely to be concerned with the fact that they've found one. This is the common end of such rascals as Ottolino."

"Don't forget that one of them got away."

"I see. And you expect him to testify, do you?" Sanfermo smiled.

"Then there is also Vendramin. He will know whose hand killed Ottolino."

"And of course he will go and inform the signors of the night, explaining to them, when they ask him, that he knows because he sent Ottolino and another rogue to murder you. My dear Melville, you plague yourself without need. That matter is ended for you, and well ended. What isn't ended is Vendramin's murderous intention." The major was serious. "That son of a dog will send four bullies after you on the next occasion."

"I must advise him to do so," said Marc-Antoine.

Sanfermo frowned. "Please be serious, my friend. That remorseless villain will not leave the matter where it is. Let me think of something. But in the meantime take your precautions, especially at night."

"You may depend upon it," said Marc-Antoine, with a laugh in which Sanfermo perceived only a surprising display of British phlegm.

IT had, however, very different roots. Marc-Antoine took himself off to the French legation, and breaking in upon ambassadorial labors drove Jacob out of the room.

"What the devil is the matter now?" grumbled Lalle-mant.

"The devil is the matter. My life is threatened."

Lalle-mant was startled. "*Péste!*" Then a grin broke on his broad face. "We shall be wanting a pretext for hostilities presently. It would be a fine one if the Representative Camille Lebel were murdered here in Venice."

"Much obliged to you, Lalle-mant. When Bonaparte wants that pretext I should prefer to be alive to provide it. Meanwhile, as a matter of curiosity I should like to know how much longer you propose to postpone your intended coercion of Leonardo Vendramin into your service."

Lalle-mant misunderstood the object of the question. He conceived that it held a reproof. He thrust out a deprecatory lip.

"You are supposing that it's time we gagged him; that he is working mischief against us by his stormy advocacy of armed neutrality. You see I keep myself informed of what happens in the Grand Council. But you're mistaken. The time is past when a state of armed neutrality could distress us. We should now welcome it."

His shrewd eyes challenged Marc-Antoine to contradict him. But no contradiction came from that solemnly attentive gentleman.

Lalle-mant changed the subject:

"But what's this you were saying about your life being threatened?"

"I am glad it has some interest for you." He told Lalle-mant of his duel with Vendramin and of last night's sequel to it.

The ambassador was flushed with indignation.

"What do you want me to do? What can I do to protect you?" he demanded.

"Nothing, since policy won't allow you to do what I require. I shall have to anticipate you and do it for myself." Answering the question in the other's eyes, he added: "I propose to borrow the means you possess to fetter Vendramin."

Lalle-mant understood at once. "Ah, that name of a name! But it may be awkward."

"Not so awkward to me as my assassination."

"My dear friend! Oh, my dear friend!" Lalle-mant was on his feet in a fervour of concern.

Marc-Antoine picked up his three-cornered hat from Lalle-mant's table. "There's only one course. And I am going to take it."

In next week's installment you will read of the steps Marc-Antoine takes to curb Leonardo Vendramin.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

- 1—Bagdad.
- 2—Absent Without Leave.
- 3—Wandering tribes without fixed dwellings.
- 4—A squadron of a Cos-sack cavalry regiment.
- 5—In Greek mythology, the oldest of the Satyrs, teacher and companion of Bacchus; son of Hermes.
- 6—A legislative council; usually used to designate revolutionary groups.
- 7—Soviet Russia.
- 8—Queen Elizabeth of England. In 1572 the Earl of Leicester presented it as a New Year's gift.
- 9—Pompous or inflated.
- 10—A solution of nonvola-

- tile substances in alcohol.
- 11—Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, by Thomas Gray.
- 12—Attributed to Lord Minto in 1775.
- 13—Bytown, for Colonel John By, its founder.
- 14—Those who in Paris took part in the massacres of September, 1792.
- 15—William Pitt the elder.
- 16—Honorificabilitudinitibus, meaning honorableness.
- 17—Paramaribo.
- 18—Bertha Muzzy Sinclair-Cowan.
- 19—3,280.8 feet.
- 20—The Tuaregs, a Berber race of the western Sahara.

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 min. 57 sec.)

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION:

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., likes to dance the tango. Sometimes he helps push the Rockefeller piano back out of the way to make room.

Financier Edward T. Stotesbury, now eighty-four years old, was a drummer boy in the Civil War. He still takes a hand at the orchestra drums when the young folks dance at his house.

The Prince of Wales is another drummer boy. If he feels thoroughly at home at your dance he will climb into the orchestra for a spot of drumming.

I get these social notes from Meyer Davis. Mr. Davis rents out much of the syncopation enjoyed by our millionaires at their private parties. During the season Mr. Davis has from 75 to 125 orchestras under his management. Some of the largest hotels in the country hire their musical talent from him.

Remember the famous "little green house on K Street" in Washington, where the Teapot Dome conspiracy is said to have been hatched? Meyer Davis told me something about that establishment.

"One time," he said, "they threw a party that lasted a whole week. They engaged me to supply the music. It had to be continuous, so I worked the orchestra in three shifts, like a crew of sailors."

I asked Mr. Davis where the most expensive debutante parties are given. "Philadelphia," he said. "When the rich Philadelphians bring their daughters out, they invite three thousand guests. They hire forty-piece orchestras. The sky is the limit in Philadelphia."

MY father used to tell this story about Czar Alexander II:

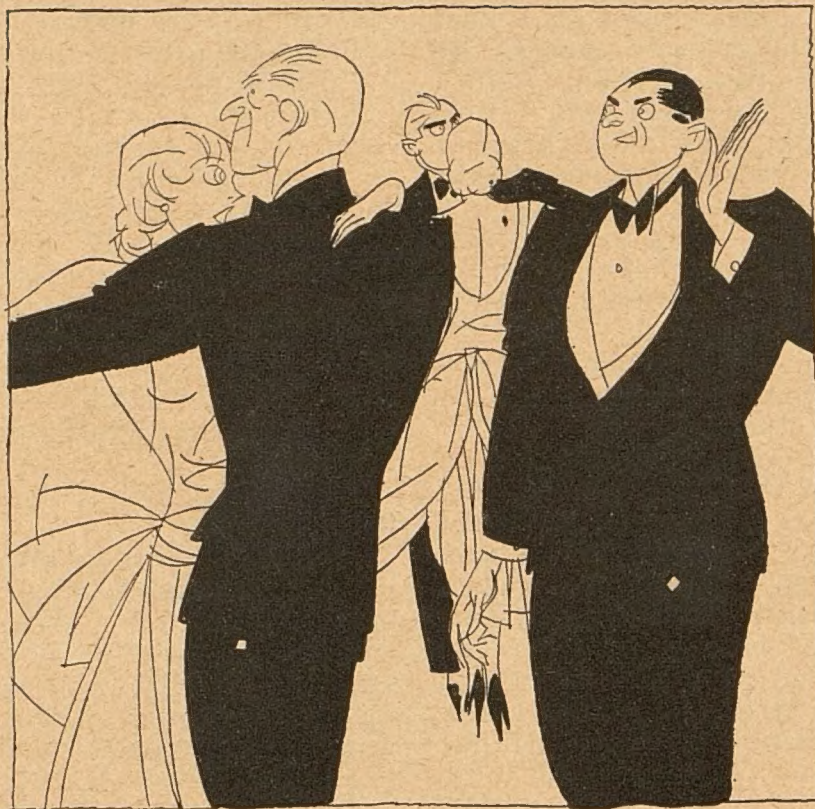
Unless the Czar's cup or glass were filled *exactly* three quarters full, he wouldn't touch his drink. To be favored by his royal lips it had to be three quarters full—not a fraction more nor less.

Pretty particular, he was, but you must admit that it is unpleasant to have your cup filled too full or not full enough.

There's an old saying to the effect that a half-filled glass isn't offered from the heart. On the same theory we might argue, I suppose, that a slop-over drink comes from a human gusher. Some people claim they can judge character by the filling of a cup or glass. Why go that far? I merely claim that a sloppy drink is uncomfortable, and that a stingy drink is unsociable.

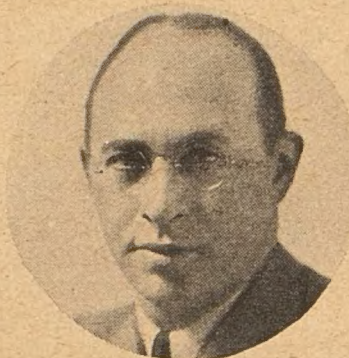
VACATION marriage is something new on my list.

I met, last month, a middle-aged couple who got married some years ago just because they like spending their vacations together and want to be respectable about it. She's a business woman, not domestically inclined. He's a professional man. They live and work in different cities. They feel they are too old to disrupt their



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and
descendant of the first czar of Russia*



Meyer Davis

workaday lives for house-keeping and children. So they are man and wife only at Christmas, at Easter, and during a few summer weeks. They have no close relatives to object. Unconventional as it is, the strange plan seems to operate satisfactorily.

HERE'S a beauty mask you can make at home. It will freshen a dry skin and help prevent wrinkles.

Whip the white of one egg. Add one tablespoon of powdered milk. Beat until creamy. Remove all make-up and steam your face thoroughly with hot towels. Then cover the skin *at once* with the egg-and-milk mixture. Leave it on about ten minutes. Sponge off with lukewarm water. Apply skin food before putting on make-up again.

STRANGERS may kiss—but one of them may not like it.

That's my reaction to all this social kissing. Casual friends, acquaintances, people you have met at two or three parties—they throw their arms around you and greet you with osculation.

The habit has come upon us since the war. I think it is loaded with potential embarrassments, both for the kisser and for the kissee. Suppose you're a born kisser. Your nature impels you to kiss everyone you know by their first name. How do you know they feel the same way? They'll never tell you. That would be rude. They'll take your kiss—and damn you, silently, for an emotional mug.

Suppose you're the victim. "Darling!" screams someone who occupies a vague, impersonal place in your thoughts. Then you are kissed. Firmly, affectionately kissed! What can you do? If you're a girl, you don't want to make a scene. If you're a man, you don't want to be unchivalrous. You laugh it off.

But you also write the uninvited kisser off your book. A kiss without invitation is like a shortcake without strawberries.

It leads to misunderstanding.

STIFF pleating sticks out from the shoulders of the new fur cape that will be in style this winter. Our new capes will make us look remarkably like fur-tipped gals of the Gay Nineties. So much so that a friend of mine has called my attention to some old cartoons of those Gay Ninety ladies in their fur tippets. Evidently they were a joke to their own generation. The comic artist of that period made fun of them by depicting their strange tippets used variously as skirts, screens, bathtubs, parlor curtains, and boats.

Who says that women can't take a joke? If the joke happens to be fashion we can take it, like it, and go back to it years later.

READ Commander David Enderby Blunt's extraordinary book, *Elephant*. Something new and altogether grown-up in the animal department. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"How Did This Happen?"

ANOTHER CHALLENGE TO CONTEST FANS

LIBERTY WILL PAY

\$250

to the Sixty-four Winning Entrants!

INTRODUCTION:

A farm boy, walking behind the plow, picked up an Indian arrowhead.

CONCLUSION:

A millionaire's daughter eloped with the family chauffeur.

HOW did this happen? What chain of circumstances connected the two events? If you submit one of the sixty-four best explanations one of this week's cash prizes will be awarded for your effort. Why not put your inventiveness to work and capture a share of the money? All you need is your imagination, a sheet of paper, and a typewriter or pen and ink.

Do not submit a long explanation. The limit is 500 words. Use as many less as you wish.

At first glance it may seem a far cry from the plowboy and the Indian relic to the elopement, but you can undoubtedly figure out a chain of circumstances to connect them. Probably you will construct several series of events that will supply the missing action. Choose the best of your output and enter it as directed in the rules. Your chance to win is excellent if you enter. Perhaps the \$50 First Prize will be awarded to you. Or one of the other major prizes may be yours. Even the smaller awards are well worth having.

Read the rules carefully so that your entry will not be voided by failure to observe all requirements.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.

3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Pencil entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.

5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best. The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.

6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; ten prizes, each \$5; fifty prizes, each \$2.

7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

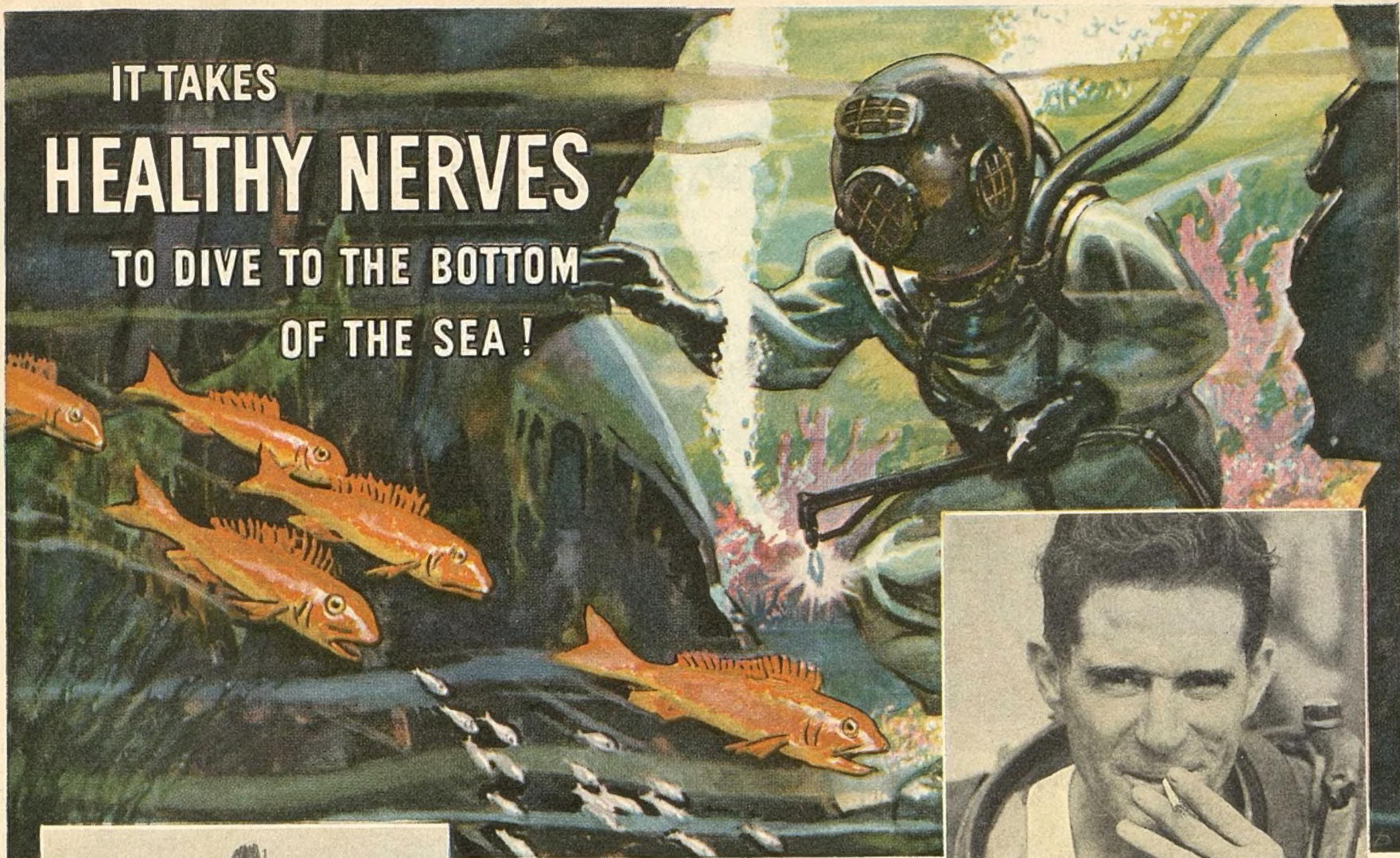
8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 16.

WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	\$ 50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
TEN PRIZES, EACH \$5	50
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH \$2	100

ANOTHER \$250 PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA!



● **PROWLING ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR**...beneath thousands of tons of water...a deep-sea diver finds that healthy nerves are essential. His very life may depend upon his nerves.

● **LEFT—DIVING FOR FUN** calls for healthy nerves, too! You can smoke all you want and never have jangled nerves, if you switch to Camels.

● **FRANK CRILLEY**, champion deep-sea diver, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Navy Cross, says: "Camels never upset my nerves."



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE** tobaccos than any other popular brand. You will find Camels rich in flavor and delightfully mild!



FRANK CRILLEY says, "Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! That's why a diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. And that's why I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. But more important than that to me—they never upset my nervous system."

* * *

Camel's costlier tobaccos *are* milder, do taste better. They never get on the nerves. Men and women whose very lives depend on healthy nerves have discovered this. *Your* nerves will confirm it. Start smoking Camels today!

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

**NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

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